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THE BENIGHTED SPORTSMAN

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THE
CHILD'S
UNIVERSALIST COMPANION:

CONSISTING OF
Stories, Hymns, &c.
DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE NATURE AND
TENDENCY OF THE DOCTRINE OF
Universal Salvation.

EDITED BY DANIEL D. SMITH.

‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for
of such is the kingdom of heaven.’—JESUS CHRIST.

BOSTON:
DANIEL D. SMITH AND ABEL TOMPKINS, 32 CORNHILL
1836.

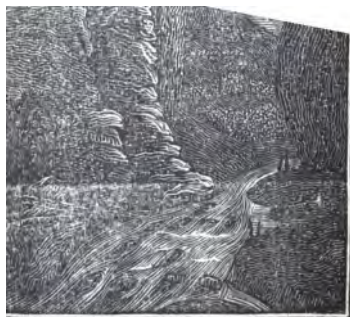
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YEAR 1835, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF
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PREFACE.

long witnessed the absolute need of a work of
racter—and with sorrow of heart contemplated
, that children of Universalist parents are com-
o read books, (if they read any,) which are fill-
false and injurious sentiments, the editor felt
called upon to prepare and publish this little
, for the amusement and instruction of the
l members of the denomination of Universal-
whose interest he is strongly and conscientious-
ted. At first the work was published in month-
bers; but a sufficient patronage could not be
l to justify its continuance; the project was
e abandoned, and a plan for the completion of
ime, immediately laid, and the work forthwith
iced. The matter has been prepared with great
d no pains have been spared to render the
ceptable to the public. With two or three ex-
s, the articles have all been prepared with di-
ference to this volume. The editor gratefully
ledges his obligations to those brethren who
vored him with assistance in furnishing matter
work. And that its pages may afford pleasure
ocent amusement, and under the blessing and
e of infinite wisdom, meet with success, and
umental in training the youthful mind to know-
nd virtue, is the sincere desire and earnest
of the public's humble servant,

DANIEL D. SMITH.



NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

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THE CHILD'S

UNIVERSALIST COMPANION.

LEGEND OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

THE vast difference between the works of God, and the works of human art, is exemplified in the Natural Bridge which crosses Cedar Creek, twelve miles from Lexington, in the State of Virginia. This bridge is composed of solid rock. It is sixty feet in width, and the under part of the bridge is two hundred and fifty feet from the ground and the water which runs beneath. The young reader may have seen many bridges; but they were built by men, and sometimes needed to be repaired, or it would not have been safe to cross them; but this bridge was laid by him who made the worlds, and its gigantic mould is as lasting as Time. Long great many years ago, there was a father-hunter who lived amongst the rocks, very near to this remarkable bridge. His name was John. He was a man of the age of twenty-seven when he removed to the wilds of Virginia

He had been unfortunate in business in the city. He had lost all his property, and he had retired to the wilderness.

He built himself a little hut in a rude crvice, formed by two jutting rocks; his cabin was surrounded by eagle's nests, and the nests of other birds. His bow and arrow, and his rifle, procured him food, and he shot down the deer who bounded over the rocks within forty feet of his door. He drank of the stream which runs under the mighty bridge, as exhibited in the cut accompanying this piece. He had no wife to take care of him when he was sick and no children to climb his knee when he returned from hunting. The storm roared through the glens, and the lightning flashed over his head during the night, at particular seasons of the year, and the river swelled, and the cataracts thundered with a deafening noise. But Danton was not afraid, because he was a brave man, and he placed great dependence on the God whom he worshipped; for he knew *that his Creator could control the elements, and that man was liable to die in any place or country; as he who gave life can take it away at pleasure.*

One morning, the hunter went out to shoot something for his breakfast. He was standing below the bridge, and looking up, when he saw something stir amongst the shrubbery on the top of the bridge. He levelled his rifle in that direction, supposing it was a deer, and prepared to fire, as soon as it should appear in full view. Presently, something presented itself, and he was on the point of firing, when he heard the voice of a child, saying, 'Good man, do not shoot us.' He was very much surprised, for he had not seen a human being before, for six years, excepting strolling parties of wild Indians. He called to the child to come down, and presently he descended from the bridge followed by a little girl. The boy appeared to be about six years old, and the girl could not have been over four.

'My little children,' said the hunter, 'how came you here, and where are your parents?'

'Our parents are dead,' said they, and began to cry bitterly; 'we lived in a little log house, a great-way off; and one night the Indians came and killed our father and mother and would have killed us too, if we had r

been asleep out of doors in a little cave. *Then* he set fire to the house, and burned it down, and as we had no place to live, we have wandered about ever since, eating berries and whatever else we could pick up in the woods.'

'You look very hungry and tired, my little children,' said the hunter, 'but do not cry. I will take you to my cabin, where I have blankets for you to sleep on, and I will go and find something for your breakfast. You shall live with me, and I will take good care of you.'

Then the hunter took them by the hand, and led them to his hut, and he spread some skins and blankets for them to sleep on, and bade them take their rest, until he should return. The hunter then went out and left the two little children together.

"Alfred," said the little girl to her brother when the hunter was gone, 'I wonder who that good man is, that has brought us to his house and takes such good care of us.'

'He is some person that loves God, I suppose,' said Alfred, 'for you know he said that *God had sent us here that we might find a protector, and that no one who loved*

ould be unkind to the creatures he has made.'

'I think if our father and mother were here, we should be quite happy,' said the little girl, and she began to cry again. Then Alfred wept too, and the sorrowing orphans lay down in each other's arms and sobbed until they fell asleep. When they awoke, it was near noon, and they felt very much refreshed. The hunter had brought home a young deer, and part of it was smoking on the trencher, already cooked. The children made a hearty meal, and the hunter began to make some inquiries into their history. They told him their names were Alfred and Margaret. Their parents had moved into the forest, shortly after their marriage, and having built a log house and planted a few acres of land, had lived an independent life, far from the bustle of the settlements. The Indians had often been entertained at their house, but had never shown any hostile disposition before.

'Are you sure that your parents were killed' inquired the hunter.

The children were not able to answer the question to the satisfaction of the hunter. T

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much exposed to the assaults of the
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~~to know~~ what river it was,
resolved to set out in search of the spot,
ly. He thought that if the parents had
burned with the house, he should be able to
discover their bones amongst the ruins.
He then bade Alfred and Margaret remain
in the hut until his return, and taking his rifle on his
shoulder, with a good supply of powder and
ball, he walked swiftly through the wilderness.
It was at about noon, on the next day, that he
reached the forks of the river, and beheld
a smoke curling up from a broad valley,
at no great distance from him. He ~~soon~~

emptied. He searched about the ruins to see if he could find any thing of the bones of the parents, but was unable to discover any trace of them. He thought this was very remarkable for if they had been murdered, there would have been something left to tell their fate. While the hunter stood leaning on his rifle, and pondering on these things, he heard a rustling in the woods near him, and, looking up, saw a man approaching. He at once suspected this was the father of the two children, and prepared to speak to him. As he drew near, the hunter was not pleased with his appearance. His dress was not that of a hunter, but he was armed with pistols and a long knife. His locks hung in disordered profusion about his pale face which gave him a very wild appearance. His eyes were small and black; they were sunk far in his head, and had a very malicious expression. As he approached the hunter, he spoke and said, 'This is a sad piece of business, sir;—the Indians deserve to be all exterminated for this work.'

'Do you know any thing of the affair?' asked
he hunter,

NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

‘I heard of it,’ replied the stranger—‘seems the Indians have murdered the people who lived in the house. But two children escaped by mere accident. Do you know any thing about the children, sir? Do you know where they are?’

‘You were acquainted with the family, then,’ said the hunter.

‘I have sometimes put up at the house,’ answered the other, in a hurried voice; ‘when I have been travelling in these parts, and recollect that they had two children whom I should be very glad to find, as I consider it my duty to take care of them.’

‘What is your name, sir?’ asked the hunter.

‘My name is Walton,’ said the other; ‘I am a man of some property, and could afford to bring up the children handsomely.’

‘Do you belong in these parts, sir?’

‘No, sir, I live in the city,’ answered the

‘You are well armed for travelling,’ said the

‘Do you think there is much danger in the woods?’

‘Nothing of the wild beasts,’ answered

are killed, as that their parents are? evidence of the death of the former. Why do you think they were not killed; or why do you believe they were murdered?’

He smiled scornfully, and, turning to the hunter a good day, and was soon lost from sight in the bushes and trees. The hunter was at a loss what to do. His conversation did not reach his ears, and he began to suspect more about the destruction of the children. He took some things from the cave, and returned to his hut, after an absence of two days. The children were extremely rejoiced that they had begun to fear he had been in the hands of the Indians. He asked if there was a man by the name Walton

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The children
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used to put up sometimes at his father's. Alfred said that there was no white man ever stopped at the house since it had been built, and that he never heard the name Walton before. This was a convincing argument to the hunter, that Walton was a deceiver, and he believed that the wretch had some bad intention toward the children. Whether their parents were actually murdered or not, seemed doubtful; but he believed that Walton (as he called himself,) knew all about it. He asked the children if they saw the Indians. They said they did not, but that they heard them when they went off.

'very much suspect,' said the hunter, 'that the Indians were white ones; and I should think strange, if your parents were still alive.'

The children then began to weep, and said they wanted to go to their parents, if they were in this world. The hunter advised them to trust in God, who would yet bring to light the mysteries. After this, the hunter avoided saying anything to the children about their parents. He strove to divert their minds to other

plays, and
their minds. He
and explained those parts
not clearly understand.

Several months passed on in this manner
until one day when the hunter had been out
in pursuit of game, they told him, on his re-
turn, that they had seen a great many faces
looking out upon them from behind the trees
on the great bridge. The hunter asked them
if they were certain that what they said was
true. They said they were, and that they
could see the shrubbery shake as the people
moved who were secreted amongst it.

'Well,' said the hunter, 'do not
towards the bridge, nor let them perceive
you have noticed them. Leave it
manage the affair.'

The hunter had no doubt that

same persons who had burned
 use, and that they had now c
 purpose of carrying off the childr
 thought that he should be able to
 Accordingly, as soon as it was d
 the children, and moved caution
 rocks into a small grove from wh
 see any one approach his hut.
 lay down on the leaves and went
 he kept a steady watch at his hu
 midnight, he saw several dark b
 over the crags towards the little c
 were soon joined by more, appro
 another direction, until the who
 to as many as twelve. They did
 to be Indians, but were equally c
 reached the cabin and entered.
 talk earnestly to each other, whe
 nobody there. They then lit a n
 ches, and, sitting down, began t
 victuals which they discovered o
 The hunter now crept from his
 and approaching sufficiently near
 to their conversation, was soon r
 stand that they were in pursuit
 these w

whom they intended to kill. He then went back to the children and awoke them. He told them to remain where they were until the incendiaries were gone. He said he should follow in their track in the hope of discovering something of the lost parents. In a short time the party in the hut came out. He heard them censure one of their number severely, who, it seemed, had conducted them to the hut, with the promise of finding the children there. The hunter distinguished the voice of Walton amongst these wretches, and he now knew that he was concerned in the burning of the log house. As they departed, he followed close at their heels. They travelled fast through the woods and over the creeks, but the hunter was more accustomed to ranging than they, and could not only keep up with them, but could also evade their notice by various stratagems. Thus they went on the greater part of the night, until, toward morning, they came to a cave, and entered. A large stone covered the mouth of the cave, and it was fastened by other means so strongly that no person confined inside could escape. The hunter immedi-

formed the idea of entrapping these fellows, and bringing them to justice. He heaped a large pile of stones against the mouth of the cave, in addition to the usual fastenings, and then set out for the nearest settlement. He procured a company of soldiers and led them back to the spot. As they approached the cave, the shrieks of a woman were heard, the sound proceeding from the inside of the cave. The stones were immediately rolled away, and the villains were dragged forth from their den. They fought desperately, but were soon secured, and tied hand and foot. A man and woman were then led forth from the cave, who seemed to be nearly famished, and whose countenances were pale with famine and grief. The man was chained, but the woman had the free use of her limbs.

‘Who are you?’ said the officers who commanded the soldiers, ‘and how came you here?’ The man said that the woman was his own lawful wife—that Walton, (whose real name was Rawley,) had paid attention to her before *he married her*, but that she had always rejected his proposals with undisguised disdain. Bo

after she had married her present husband, that Rawley had sworn vengeance against her and him. Partly on account of Rawley's threats they had moved into the forest, where they had lived in peace until about three months ago, when Rawley appeared in the night, at the head of a gang of ruffians and burnt the house and carried them off. He had confined them in that cave; and had insisted that the faithful wife should marry him and desert her real husband. He had told her that he had killed her children, and she believed he had. She had, however, held out against the wretch; but that very night, he was on the point of murdering her husband, when the soldiers appeared. It was plain that these were the parents of the orphaned and Margaret—but no one can describe the joy of the mother, or the transports of the children, when they were restored to each other's arms.

THE CHILD'S CHOICE.

I HAVE gazed on the flowers of earth ;
They seemed to be lovely and fair,
But they cannot into me bring mirth,
Nor with my dear Jesus compare.

O, he is my only delight !
And, while I can say he is mine,
I will call him my Savior and Friend,
And to him my first love confine.

The roses and lillies may bloom,
And with choicest perfume fill the air ;
But sudden decay is their doom,
While he remains fragrant and fair,

Dear Jesus, as thou art my King,
And as thou hast said, ' I am thine,'
O, help me thy praises to sing,
And teach me to say, ' Thou art mine.'



20



The Eagle.

THE EAGLE.

lived in yon cottage, that now stands in deep dell, where shrubbery and brambles to have laid their traps for tearing little clothes, and pulling the wool from the of the sheep who stray from the fold, and er there? I will tell you who dwelt there ; I will tell you a story about an eagle too, how much sorrow and trouble that eagle for the family who lived in the cottage. e was a poor, but very virtuous woman inhabited that house. She had a drunken and, who spent nearly all his time at the shop, in the adjacent town. You might im, at all times of the day, in the bar room hn Groat's dirty tavern, either drinking, ng and fighting, or sleeping on the bench, half a dozen flies settled on the lips of his mouth, while his eyes were generally ed and black, or his nose bloody. His old is nearly destitute of a rim, and the to

of the crown was gone. His shoes needed mending, and his coat, although decently darned and patched by his industrious wife, was usually torn in many places: oh! he was a wretched looking object! If you had seen him, little children, you would have been afraid of him; and your hearts would have bled to witness the misery depicted in his countenance, for the wicked are always unhappy, while virtue's ways are 'ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' If he had only been poor, through misfortune, we could not have blamed him, for many very good people are poor; but there is a great difference between the honest and industrious poor, and the vicious and idle poor. Now this man, whose name was Henry Anderson, had a good trade, and the neighbors were always willing to give him a plenty of employment; but he preferred lounging about the tavern, and quarrelling with persons of his own class. He had not always been so mean; for when he first married his amiable wife, he was *industrious* and kind to every one, and he was *called Mr. Anderson*; but he fell into bad com-

pany and became depraved, and now every one called him 'old Anderson the tippler.'

But what made it appear a great deal worse, on the part of Anderson, was, that he was not the only sufferer. He not only injured himself and his own prospects, but his poor wife, who worked very hard night and day, was reduced to extreme poverty through his negligence; and his two children who were pretty, and good natured, often went hungry, because their father had spent all their mother's hard earnings at the grog shop. Mrs. Anderson grew thin and pale, day after day, and sometimes when her husband had been to her little money box and carried off every cent, so that there was nothing left to buy bread for the children, she would sit down and cry bitterly. Then little Jane would walk up to her poor mother, and trying to pull her hands down from her face would say, 'Do not cry, mother—I cannot endure to see you take on so, what makes you cry mother?' 'Alas, my child;' she would say, hugging little Jane to her bosom, '*how can I avoid crying, when you and your little brother have nothing in the house to eat?*'

‘No matter, mother,’ little Jane would say, ‘you know that we always have more to eat than you do; because you always give us your share of the bread and milk, and go without yourself; and you know that we are not very hungry, and we can do without very well till to-morrow; and pretty soon I shall be big enough to work, and then I will go off to the factory, and will earn enough to get victuals for us all, and a new pair of shoes for father.’

Then Anderson would come blundering into the house, so drunk that he could scarcely stand, and little Jane would run to him to kiss him, and he would push her away. Then she would ask her mother if her poor father was sick, and she would sit down on her stool and cry because her father looked so miserable. Mrs. Anderson never scolded her husband when he came home in this situation, but would undress him, and put him to bed, and tend him carefully, although he swore at her all time, and sometimes threatened to kill her *the children too.* Mrs. Anderson would *times try to persuade him to leave his* *s, and become sober and steady ;*

out him in mind of the days when she first became acquainted with him, when he was a smart young man, and his health was good, his limbs were as nimble as those of a young deer, his cheeks were blooming with health, and his eyes were bright with cheerfulness. But all that she could say had no effect upon him, because he had given up to strong drink, and his wicked companions always encouraged him to do evil. He did not obey the scriptures which saith, 'when sinners entice thee, consent thou not,' but would yield to the first temptation, and leave his wife and innocent family, to hurry off to the tavern.

His poor wife was, therefore, obliged not only to do her own work, but also the work which belonged to him. She was obliged to split her own wood, to bring all the water, to mend the windows and fences, and then at night, when she was so tired that she was scarcely able to move, instead of going to bed, she would sit up and spin, and her husband would come home in a state of intoxication, and she was forced to wait on him until midnight, before she could take that rest which she

so much needed. Then in the morning, Anderson would get up and take all her money, and run off with it to the tavern, to spend the day in riot and brutal drunkenness.

Things went on in this way, until the cold weather began to set in. Mrs. Anderson now worked very hard indeed, for fear she should be obliged to go off to the Poor House. Little Jane was able to help her mother a great deal, and she used to trudge off through the woods and over the rocks three or four miles to get work for her mother. But Anderson did not care how hard they worked, and how much they suffered from hunger and cold, so that he could get his rum, and his toddy.

At last the winter set in. The cold wind roared through the woods; the streams were frozen over; and the snow fell deep upon the hard ground. The cottage was in great need of repair. The roof leaked; and the windows were stuffed with old rags and hats to keep out the cold. Little Jane and her mother had not *sufficient clothing* to make them comfortable, *and they suffered very much.*

It was one cold night in December that M.

Anderson had got the little boy to sleep and put him to bed, while she and Jane were shuddering over the fire, when they heard a loud rap at the door. Jane started up and opened it. A ragged man with a bloated face, covered with rum blossoms stood before her.

‘Is this where Anderson lives?’ said he.

‘Yes sir,’ answered little Jane.

‘Well,’ said the man, ‘I wish to see him ; for he invited me to his house, to take supper with him, and I am come.’

‘But’ said Mrs. Anderson, ‘he is not at home. He has not been here since yesterday morning.’

‘Is he not now in the house?’ cried the other, with surprise, ‘he set out for home three hours ago, with a bottle of good whiskey under each arm, and I agreed to meet him here and have a good time in helping him to drink his liquor.’

‘Three hours ago!’ exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, ‘Do you say he set out for home three hours ago? Oh! then something has happened to my poor husband. We must seek him. Can you not go with us and help us look’

him? you know where he is generally found.'

'Why as to that,' replied the drunkard, 'is nothing to me where the fellow is. I come here to hunt after the man. I have enough business of my own to do, without chasing about the bush in search of other people. If he is your husband, you had better take care of him. I should have been here to help him drink his liquor, but as he is here, I suppose he has drank it all up by this time.'

Thus we see how little the friendship of the companions is to be depended upon, so long as this wicked man thought he could get some rum by coming to see Anderson, he was very willing to pretend friendship for him. When he saw that Anderson stood in need of his assistance, he was for deserting him soon as the unfeeling wretch had gone. Anderson put on an old cloak which was left her, and told Jane she was going to search immediately in search of her husband, and suspected he had drank too much, and fallen down somewhere by the way.

ness he was taken care of, he would freeze to death before morning. Little Jane cried, and begged her mother to let her go to, and assist her in looking for her father. Her mother, at first, refused, saying that the weather was too cold, and that Jane had not any cloak to keep off the bleak wind; but she clung to her mother's knees, and would not be separated from her; crying, 'I will not rest until my poor father is safe.'

So Mrs. Anderson took the shivering child by the hand, and they both set out together, wiping their tears in the path as they went. Every once in a while Mrs. Anderson would call aloud on the name of her husband, but no answer came. They at length reached a wood, rough which Anderson was accustomed to pass, on his way home. They picked their way through the dark wilderness, stumbling over stumps and fallen branches, while the air was darkened by thick clouds which were piled in the heavens. Mrs. Anderson felt very faint and tired, and little Jane's feet were so benumbed with cold, that she could scarcely walk, but not a murmur escaped either of them.

THE EAGLE.

They thought not of themselves, but only of lost husband and father. 'Oh merciful Father!' cried Mrs. Anderson, 'direct me to my erring husband, and my life shall be devoted to thy glory.' Then Jane wept, and thought of her father's situation, lying perhaps in the open air, and already chilled to the heart with the cold winds which swept over the plain and shrieked through the woods.

While they were thus pursuing their sorrowful way, they heard some one approaching. Mrs. Anderson knew it was not her husband's step, for it was firm and steady. It was such a step as strict temperance and a cheerful heart, alone, can insure. It was not the wailing, uneasy step of a drunkard. Soor person met them.

'What!' cried he; 'Mrs. Anderson and daughter out of doors on such a night as this?' Then Mrs. Anderson perceived it was a young man by the name of Eustis, who lived near the cottage. He was a very noble youth, and as he believed the God he worshiped loved every being who was created, so did he feel bound to

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children of the Creator, and to do them good whenever it was in his power. He now begged to know what had sent Jane and her mother out on such an inclement night.

‘Oh! sir,’ cried Jane, who spoke first, ‘poor father is out, and we suspect that he has fallen down somewhere, and will perish before morning.’

‘Yes,’ said Eustis, ‘the matter should certainly be looked to; but don’t be so much alarmed. He may be, all this time, safe in some house. Nevertheless; do not you go any farther. Return immediately home, and I will go in search of the unhappy man.’

‘Oh, no—no!’ cried little Jane, and her mother, in a breath; ‘we will never go home until we have found him.’

‘Well, have your own way,’ cried Eustis; and taking the warm cloak from his shoulders, he wrapped the little girl up in it, and presented a large silk handkerchief to Mrs. Anderson with which he made her wrap up her ears and face, for the cold was very sharp. He then walked forward with the sorrowing couple in order to search in every place for Anderson.

‘If I were only sure I should find him alive,’ said she, ‘I would consent to walk barefoot through the snow a hundred miles.’

‘Oh! I would be willing to go without food for a whole week!’ exclaimed Jane, weeping and sobbing bitterly.

‘I do not blame you,’ said Eustis, ‘for being concerned about the poor man, but you ought not to give way to such hopeless sorrow. Recollect that every thing is for the best; resign yourselves to the will of Providence, which often brings good out of evil, and who never afflicts any of his children willingly. God lighteth in mercy, and from the depth of sorrow, often gushes forth the springs of joy.’

‘Oh, sir,’ said Mrs. Anderson, ‘I have learned to be resigned to every stroke of misfortune which our Heavenly Father has seen fit to afflict me with; but I sometimes think my grief of misery runs over, and that my Creator has ceased to care for me.’

‘His eye is on the sparrow that falls from the ground—he has numbered the very hairs of our heads,’ answered Eustis, ‘and he will never forget to remember you, whom he created.’

image, and for his own glory. Despair not, but place your whole dependence in Him whose mercy endureth forever.'

But now they had walked a considerable distance, and even Eustis felt much benumbed with the cold. The heart of Mrs. Anderson sank within her breast; 'for how,' thought she, 'can my husband live in this cold, while I, who am up and moving can scarcely keep from falling into that sleep which precedes death.'

Little Jane, also, began to whimper, and she said, 'Oh, sir, we shall not find him. We shall never see him more.'

Eustis felt very much concerned; for he knew that, unworthy as Anderson was, his family entertained a strong affection for him, and that his untimely death would break their hearts. But he resolved not to give up the search, if he was out all night.'

He was about proposing to conduct Jane and her mother home, and go alone to look for Anderson, when they heard a low moan which seemed to proceed from a black and scraggy pile of rocks, which rose bleak and terrific above their path.

THE EAGLE.

'What is that?' cried Mrs. Anderson, pausing to listen.

'I will go and see,' said Eustis. But just then, another moan was heard, and an exclamation of 'Oh! my God, where am I?'

'Tis my husband!' cried she, and ran towards the cliff.

Eustis and Jane made haste to follow her, but she arrived there before them, loudly calling on the name of her husband. When Eustis reached the place, he found Anderson lying on his face, in a helpless condition, while a large eagle was beating him with its wings, and occasionally tearing his clothes with its beak. Eustis caught up a large stone, and knocked the fierce bird down. By this time Mrs. Anderson was kneeling by the side of the prostrate man, and chafing his temples. Eustis perceived that Anderson was perfectly sober, he therefore concluded that he must have received some hurt, or he would have come home.

'How came you here, and in this condition?' inquired the youth. 'I am badly hurt,' replied

was coming home a great while ago, and when I reached this place, being crazy with drink, I attempted to climb the rocks and rob an eagle's nest, which sits in a crag, a great distance from the ground. Well, when I was up there, standing on the point of a rock, and reaching out my hand to take the young eagles, the old eagle came and flew directly in my face. Her wings blinded me, and the shock threw me off my ballance, and I fell about thirty feet. I alighted amongst a parcel of dried leaves and sticks, or I should have been killed. As it was, I did not hurt myself very badly; but, in attempting to crawl down from my place, the eagle attacked me again, and pursued me with such ferocity, that I thought she would pick out my eyes. So that I was obliged to throw myself flat on my face, for I was hardly able to walk. The eagle has been beating me with her pinions and wounding me with her beak ever since, and I am so sore that I can scarcely move.'

While Anderson was thus telling his story his wife had sat in speechless anxiety, but when he finished, she spoke to him.

'What! a woman here!' cried Anderson, 'who is this?'

'Tis I—your own Julia!' cried she.

'My wife! impossible! what could have sent you out on such a bitter night as this!'

'What else should have sent me,' said she, weeping, 'but to search for my poor lost husband.' At the same moment, little Jane came up and flung her arms around her father's neck.

'You will come home, dear father, won't you?' said she—'oh! we have done nothing else but cry, since we heard that you were on such an awful night as this. But now shall be happy. You shall come home, see what a nice cake I have baked for and Dame Worster gave me some nut apples to day, and I have saved them for you, because we had not seen you in long, long time.'

'This is too much!' cried he, smiling, 'hand against his breast—how unwor-

been of such angelic devotion and tenderness! Eustis and his wife assisted him but his wife nursed him until he was perfectly to health. But never, from that

ste a drop of liquor. He was still a young and soon health and soundness were red to him. He became industrious and ctable, and his family were raised from the of poverty to affluence and happiness. did not I tell you,' said Eustis to Mrs. Anna, 'that Providence does every thing for est!'

LINES FOR CHILDREN.

‘ Let little children come to me,’
The humble, holy Jesus said ;
When, lo ! the infants round his knee,
In fearless, harmless gambols, played.

‘ Of such my heavenly kingdom is,’
(The Savior to his followers spoke,)
‘ And he who ’s not as pure as these,
No part within my fold can make.’

Then smiling on the infant group,
Which still around him fondly pressed,
Christ to each cherub brow did stoop,
And kissed them as he kindly blessed.

Such, little children, was the love
The Saviour dear for you professed,
And now that he, in worlds above,
Hath entered an immortal rest,

And we no more behold him here,
No more regard his heavenly smile,

**We still his precepts would revere,
And walk his paths devoid of guile.**

**This little volume, then, to you
Is offered as your friendly guide
To that kind Savior, just and true,
Who for our good hath bled and died.**

**Then come dear children, come and learn
Of him who loved you, yes, of him
Whose word from vice your feet will turn,
To paths which sin doth never dim.**



Lord Byron's Monument to his Dog,

BYRON'S MONUMENT TO HIS DOG.

It may seem singular to young people, that any man should have built a monument to his dog ; as they have been accustomed to see monuments and tombstones raised over men and women only. Perhaps that, without reflection, some young persons will pronounce the man weak or foolish who should take so much pains for a dog ; but the person who raised the monument represented in the above cut, was neither a weak nor foolish man. He was one of the greatest geniuses that the world ever produced, and his name will be handed down to posterity for many ages to come. But he knew how to appreciate the docility and affection even of a dog.

You have, no doubt, read many accounts of the faithfulness of dogs, of their attachment to their masters, and their usefulness in saving *children* and others from drowning. I have a *little* story to tell you, respecting a dog which ~~you~~ *you* will prove interesting.

George Barclay, a little boy living in the state of Maine was remarkably fond of live animals of every description, but particularly dogs. He was a very benevolent little boy, and liked to make every living creature happy. Farmer Goodwin once had several very pretty young dogs at his house, and being pleased with the kindness manifested by George to dumb animals, invited him over to his farm, to pick out one of them for himself, as the farmer well knew that George would take very good care of it, and, on no occasion, abuse it. This little dog which was given to George, was called Pink, on account of a white spot on his breast, in the shape of that beautiful flower. As soon as George had conveyed the little animal home, he made it a small house, in which was something soft, for it to sleep on. He fed him whenever he was hungry, and would not allow anybody to abuse him. The dog therefore became very much attached to George, and would follow him about, wherever he went, so that *George was never lonesome, for he always had his dog with him.* Sometimes people would say to George, 'of what use is your dog?' he

big enough to do any thing. He is more
able than he is worth !' But George would
ply. 'He is of some use, even now, for he is
company for me, and I have the pleasure of
being him happy. But if you mean to ask of
that actual service he is, let me tell you that
you must wait until he is grown. We are none
of us of any use while we are small children
and infants. The peach tree or the apple tree
bear no fruit until it had obtained to some size.
When Pink is large enough, you shall see of
what use he will be.'

About this time; George was sent away to a
boarding school, expecting to be absent about
three months. When he was going away, he
placed Pink in the hands of Ralph, the boy who
worked for his father, and made him promise
that he would take good care of the dog until
he came back ; that he would clean out his
house often, and would give him enough to eat.
Then George knelt down and patted little Pink,
and bade him good bye.

Pink looked up in his young master's face
all the time, and seemed to understand
George was troubled in his mind. He

the little boy's hand, and tried to comfort him all he could. At last, when George was about getting into the stage to go away, little Pink ran after him, and stuck close to him, thinking that he was going to accompany his master as usual. George did not like to tell him he was to be gone, and drive him away, so he called Ralph to take Pink into the house until George was gone. Ralph obeyed; but poor Pink seemed to be sensible he was about losing his best friend, for he struggled to get away from Ralph, looked behind towards George, and whined most piteously. The stage then drove away with George, and the little boy left his native home to dwell awhile amongst strangers.

The road that he travelled was very pleasant, and the passengers in the stage were very kind to George; but all this did not divert his mind from his faithful Pink. He could not help thinking of the mournful look which Pink gave him when he was going away, and he was *unwilling* the little dog was to be separated from him. But he tried to comfort himself with the reflection that Ralph would use

, and that the little fellow would be taken good care of in his absence, as when he was with him. When George reached school, he was received with kindness by his schoolmates and teachers, for they had all heard him spoken of as a pleasant and active little boy.

George soon got to the head of the class ; but sometimes, in the midst of his studies, he would be struck by the recollection of his little Pink, and he would feel great anxiety for fear he might hear some bad news of him. At length, at the end of two weeks, he obtained permission to go home on a visit. He got into the stage and was driven towards home at a quick pace. Now he felt his heart bound with pleasure.

at the thought of seeing his parents, and brothers and sisters ; but he felt extremely eager to meet once more with his little Pink, and see how joyful the little dog would be when once more met with his master. The stage stopped awhile at a tavern, about a mile from the house where George's parents lived, and he resolved to walk on before, he was so anxious to reach home. Therefore he set out, and ran along the road to his father's house. It was

a fine afternoon, and George found it very pleasant travelling on foot. Just as he got within sight of his father's house, he saw a dog a great ways off, slowly walking along the road, with a drooping head, and apparently scarcely able to crawl. 'What poor animal is that?' said he, 'I think his owner must be very cruel, to suffer him to go so poorly fed.' But as George drew near, his feelings were still more hurt, as he perceived that the poor dog was almost reduced to a skeleton, and he moaned as he went so piteously that it went to George's heart.

'Poor dog!' cried George, aloud; 'I will, at least, give you something to eat.'

The dog seemed to hear his voice, for, turning suddenly, and seeing George, he sprang towards him with such force that George, who had often heard of mad dogs, thought he must be one of that kind, and so, in his own defence, he struck him on the head with a stick, and knocked him aside. This did not make the *poor dog* retreat, but he came and crouched at *George's* feet, licking his legs, and looking up in his face in the most imploring manner.

George thought the dog acted strangely, but that was his grief and astonishment when he saw the white mark on his breast, and knew it was his own little Pink, who had altered so much that he did not know him before ! Then George recollected how he had struck the poor starved creature on the head with a stick, and he burst into tears, and stooping down, took him up in his arms, and kissed him. Little Pink was then very glad. He forgot all about the blow, and began to wag his tail and lick George's hand, and appeared to be in transports of joy. But when George saw how he looked, he knew that he had been abused, and, that Ralph had not kept his word, for he had promised that in George's absence, he would take the best care of Pink. So George carried Pink home in his bosom, and as soon as he entered the house, he met Ralph, and asked him why he had abused the little dog in that manner. But Ralph had not expected to see George come home so soon, and he had nothing to say. He was struck speechless by George's presence, for he knew he had been guilty, and he hung down his head, and hurried

off to his work as fast as he could. George turned to little Pink and said, "Fare thee well, my poor suffering creature, you must part from me again, for I will carry my school with me when I go back, and that you have as much as you want."

George then went to look at the wood and found that Ralph had split it up into a ling wood, while he had been gone. He then knew that Ralph was a very hard boy, and did not care for any body but himself. George remained at home that day and then set out for his school again with little Pink with him. When he arrived at school with his little dog, the scholars seemed much pleased with Pink, and to give him so much to eat, that it seemed he was in danger of being injured by too muchness. He soon recovered his good looks. George felt highly pleased with the scholars, but in the course of a couple of weeks the teachers began to find fault with the scholars, *cause he took up so much of the scholars, and would come into the room during the school hours,*

would then neglect their studies to play with him.

So the teachers gave orders to the man who supplied the house with milk, to take Pink, privately, in his cart, and carry him off to a great distance and let him loose in the fields, that any body might pick him up who wanted him, and in order that he might return to the school no more. Accordingly while George and the rest of the scholars were at breakfast, the man caught the dog, and thrust him into his cart. He drove off to the distance of five miles from the school, and then flung the dog over a fence into an apple orchard.

After George had done his breakfast, he went out, as usual, to feed his little Pink, but could find nothing of him. He called aloud 'Pink! Pink! Pink!' but no Pink came. He then went all about the house inquiring of every body whether they had seen his little dog, but no one could tell him where he was. He then went out into the fields and through the woods, inquiring of every man he met, whether he had seen a little dog with a white spot on his breast. Every one answered 'No, that they had'

BYRON'S MONUMENT

no dog that morning.' Then George sat down on a stone and wept. But he soon heard the school-bell ring, and was obliged to go, all in tears, to his studies. That morning he did not succeed well in his class. He forgot one half of his lesson, and some of the stupidest boys in his class got above him. But he could not help it. His mind was full of Pink, and it was impossible for him to think of any thing else. As soon as the school was out, he set off once more in search of his little dog. He did not go in to dinner, but wandered about the lots, and searched all the out-houses, calling aloud upon his dog to no purpose.

He was about giving up the pursuit, when one of the men who was working in the field asked him why he did not call on Goody Darling, the fortune-teller, who lived in a little red house over the hill, and who had directed a great number of people to the very spot, where their lost things could be found. George *he would go there immediately, but he told him he must wait till evening, as she did not receive her visitors until afternoon. This was a severe trial of George's*

but he determined to put up with it, and wait until after dark.

George made out as badly at school in the afternoon as he had done in the morning, and came off at the foot of the class, his mind was so much engaged on account of Pink. As soon as it was dark, George set out to go to Goody Darling's. He was forced to walk a mile before he reached her house, and when he entered it, he found the old woman just preparing to go to bed. When George came in, she bade him sit down. He told her he was in a hurry, and he had come to see her on some business in her line.

'Hold out your hand,' said she, looking very sharp in his eyes. George held out his hand, and Goody, after examining the lines of it attentively, said, 'You have lost a little dog with a white mark on his breast.' George was very much surprised that she should know his errand, before he had told her anything about it; and he felt great awe at being in the presence of such a wonderful woman.

'Can you tell me where I can find my dog?' inquired he in a hesitating tone.

eyes cast upward, as if she had
thoughts in her mind.

George told her he had a small pie
ver. 'Let me see it, boy,' said she.

He pulled out a four pence half-pe
showed it to her.

'Is that all, boy?' said she, 'Remem
you cannot deceive me—have you
money?'

George assured her that he had no n
him, but that he would willingly give
as much to recover his little Pink.

'Well, it will do,' said she, putting i
that. 'Now let me see your hand

TO HIS DOG.

'There is your dog, by all that's true,
Running about in search of you.'

George then left the Fortune-teller, determined to go in the morning and lo Pink in the place that she had named, had no doubt that the old woman knew the dog was, or she would not have been to tell his errand, when he first entered house.

Little George did not know the deceitfulness of those people who pretend to supernatural knowledge in order to get away the money from the unsuspecting.

The truth is, that the laborer who recommended George to call on Goody, was her son; and he had told his mother what George had lost, and had exactly described the dog to her on that very afternoon. But George knew nothing of that, and he accordingly went out with a light heart, believing that in the morning, he should find his dog without any trouble.

George slept in a little room all alone, and as it was very warm, he had left his window open. He was almost asleep, when he heard a noise coming under his window, and, at last,

BYRON'S MONUMENT

arose and looked out, and, by the moon, could discover little Pink, turned to his master from so great a distance now wagged his tail with joy, that he knew him. George immediately put on his coat and went out and brought Pink in to the kitchen, where he lit a lamp, and gave him something to eat. Pink was very hungry, and was greatly distressed to perceive that the boy had been abusing him, for there was blood on his side. George now knew that Pink should be separated from the school. He was unable to form any plan for saving the cause of his long absence; and that somebody had stolen him from him. That Pink had contrived to make his way back to his master.

Next morning, the teachers were very surprised to see little Pink returned, and when he was brought in by George in the green yard; they perceived how much George had done for him, and how happy he was to see him again, they concluded to let him stay, and his dog remain

at the school.

Then Pink was able to make his way back to his master, and was returned to his school. He crossed the river until he was overtaken by a boat, and on purpose his boat was overtaken.

school until the expiration of the quar-

When Pink had become quite stout, and was
to make himself very useful. While George
returning home from the boarding-school,
crossed a lot where there was a fierce and
governable bull; but George did not see him
until he had darted out from behind a covert,
and came full speed at the little boy, for the
purpose of goring him. George fled with all
his might towards a fence, but the bull gained
on him at every step, and he was about giving
up and falling upon the ground, when Pink
rushed at the bull, and caught him by the
nose, holding on so firmly that he gave his mas-
ter time to reach the fence, and escape from the
imminent peril. Pink then followed George,
and both were safely freed from the cruel ani-
mal. When George and Pink reached home
they were both welcomed cordially. Ralph
had been dismissed for bad conduct, and it
did that he afterwards suffered as much for
want of a house and food as he had made
Pink suffer when the little dog was left.

Winter now came on, and little Pink had become a large dog. One cold day, George set out to go to a neighbor's funeral, and left Pink behind. He was invited to spend the day at a friend's house, after the funeral was over, and it was quite dark when he set out to go home. He had five miles to walk, but he did not regard the distance, as he was well acquainted with the road, and took pleasure in travelling on foot. But in a short time after he set out, it began to snow, and the wind was strong and cold. George wrapped his cloak closely around him, and smiled at the storm, for he did not care for such things. But it snowed harder and harder until the ground was deeply covered, and the snow drifted in huge heaps across his path. He therefore travelled very slowly, and he several times sunk into a marsh up to his knees in mire and water. But he soon discovered that although he could always find his way in clear weather, the snow had so completely blinded him that he had wandered far from his path, and when he looked around upon the trees and the rocks, he did not know where he was. This distressed him exceedingly ; so

he was already completely chilled, and his feet and legs were covered with ice. He got upon a rock and jumped and thrashed his hands to warm himself, and looked about to see if he could make out where he was ; but in vain. He, however, struck out in a direction that he thought would carry him home, and wandered about an hour, nearly frozen, and sometimes up to his middle in snow.

‘ Alas ! ’ said the little boy, ‘ I believe I shall perish at last ! ’ and he was ready to sink down, when he heard the barking of a dog ; and in the next minute, Pink came bounding at his side. The faithful Pink took hold of his skirt with his teeth, and drew him in an opposite direction ; for he was going directly away from home. Pink did all he could to encourage George to proceed ; running on before, and then returning and drawing the little boy forward. By this means, was George, at length, rescued from death, and restored to his anxious family.

Pink lived to a good old age, and was of great service during his life, not only to George but also to many others. When he di

George lamented over him as over a true faithful friend. He had a monument built him, exactly in the form of the one that stands at the head of this story, with this inscription on it :—

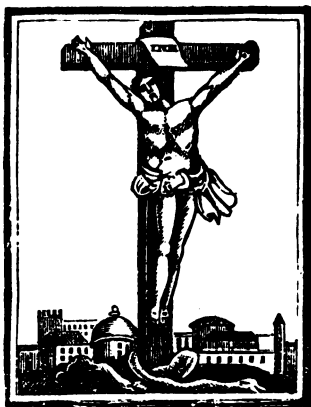
‘ Here lies my dog Pink: while he lived, I served my affection :—now that he is dead, I find that he had not more uniformly enjoyed it.’

PENITENT BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR mother, may I come to thee,
In love's pure, hallowed name ;
And wilt thou deign to smile on me,
And say thy love's the same?

O, now I see that beauteous face,
Where every virtue shines ;
Vice cannot from thy soul erase
Those pure and heavenly lines.

Thou never wilt thy son forget,
Though he should love thee never ;
So I will not again neglect
My dearest friend—my mother.



Crucifixion of the Savior.

CRUCIFIXION OF THE SAVIOR.

THIS picture represents the cruel manner in which the blessed Son of God was put to death, by his wicked and malicious enemies, the Jews. He was crucified, or hung on the cross, as you see, not because he was a wicked man, but because he introduced a new system of religion, and would not conform to the views and traditions of the hard-hearted and wicked Jews. But, notwithstanding their enmity and malevolence, God overruled their cruelty for good; and the death of the Redeemer he caused to eventuate in an exhibition of his own love to the world. God loves all men. He loves all little children. He sent his Son to bless and save the world. And when the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was on earth, he took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and declared, that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

When he died, he tasted death for every man. Just before he expired, he prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies; thus leaving us

a practical lesson of forgiveness. He has risen from the dead, and according to the promise of his Father, which he made known while he was here on earth, he will raise all men from the dead, and make them holy and happy. And now, little children, you must love this blessed Jesus, and serve him faithfully, by keeping his commandments, because he has loved you; and then you will enjoy his love, and be good and happy.

THE HERMIT, AND THE LITTLE BOATMAN.

When Mr Godfrey first moved to his new seat, surrounded as it was by the bleak rocks and lofty mountains and hills of S——, his son James, who was then but ten years old, was much struck by the grandeur of Nature's works. The towering pines, the gigantic oaks, the deep dells, and gushing torrents all conspired to fill his mind with awe, and impress him with reverence for that Being who raised the structure of the Universe. Mr. Godfrey had correct ideas, himself, of governing children, but little James had been left too much to the care of an old nurse, who injudiciously thought that any means of producing obedience in children, was allowable. She, therefore would tell James, when he was quite a child, that if he cried, a great black man would come down the chimney, and carry him off. When she did not *want him to go out of doors*, she would say *there was a fierce and roaring lion in the street*

that eat up all the little children he could catch. Then she would read him the account of the two she-bears that came out of the wood and destroyed the naughty children who were mocking Elisha, and she would say that there were such bears, all the time prowling about the streets to catch little children who went out of doors. Now this nurse was not a wicked woman, but she had never been taught any better, and as she would never go to school and study her book when she was young ; she was ignorant when she became old. This nurse had also been instructed to do good and avoid evil from a principle of fear. She did not know that if she had won the heart of the child by kindness, he would have obeyed her from principle of love, and from an unwillingness to grieve her.

Mr. Godfrey was a rich man, and had been so steadily engaged in business that he had paid but little attention to the education of Jack. But now that he had retired to spend a few years in the wild and romantic neighborhood of *S*——, he determined to pay more attention to the cultivation of his son's mind.

summer, and all the trees looked green. There was a sweet smell that came from the woods and meadows, for the wild flowers were very plenty, and there were many berries that grew amongst the bushes, and the grass. There were also large grape vines loaded with their fruit, some of which hung over the rivers, and dropped their precious burthen into the water. The little birds were also very plentiful, and they sang all the day, so delightfully, that little James declared that a country life was the most agreeable thing in nature. Mr. Godfrey took little James by the hand, one fine morning, and led him forth to take a survey of the surrounding scenery. They first ascended a little piece of rising ground contiguous to Mr. Godfrey's house, and entered a fine grove. Here the birds were so tame that they would not fly away until James had approached within two feet of them ; and, even then, they would only fly to a short distance, and alight again, making the wood ring with their melody.

'Is it not very strange, father, that these birds should not be more afraid of us?' inquired James.

‘No, my dear,’ said his father, ‘they have seldom been molested, and therefore they have not yet learned how dangerous some of our species are to the brute creation.’

‘But I am sure,’ said James, ‘that I have never been molested by any body, and yet I should be very much afraid if I were as little as they are, and any one so big as I am, should come near me.’

‘Yet, my son,’ said Mr. Godfrey, ‘you are sensible that your fears would be unreasonable, since these little birds are in no danger from one as big as you are. You have no disposition to hurt them, have you?’

‘I, sir! no indeed! Do you think I would hurt a little bird, father?’

‘Then,’ said Mr. Godfrey, ‘the little birds could be very wrong in fearing you. It is very unreasonable to fear, where there is no danger.’

am sorry that the nurse should have told
,’ said Mr. Godfrey, shaking his head,
are no bears and lions in this part of the
y, and you may trust yourself in the
at any time.’

What is that?’ cried James starting back,
looking as if he wanted to run.

What, my son, is a little harmless squirrel,’
his father—‘see how nimbly he ascends
the tree. Now he is leaping from branch
to branch; and now he has stopped to eat
nuts which he gathered last year, and
hid in a hole, in order that he might have
something to eat, when there were none on the

Godfrey now led James down a sloping
bank of rugged rocks, until they came to
the mouth of a considerable river. The stream
flowed gently along, and not a ripple stirred the

water,’ said James to his father, ‘I’ll tell you
what I wish you would buy for me. It is a
boat. It would be so delightful for me to
float down this river, you know, and hear
the birds singing on either side, while the waves
roll upon the water.’

THE HERMIT AND

I will cheerfully procure you a boat,' answered Mr. Godfrey, 'but firstly, let me direct your attention to the opposite side of the river.' James looked, as he was directed, and saw that the opposite shore was rough and uneven. In many places, the underwood extended a few feet into the water. Sharp rocks projected above the surface, and in the rear of all, the high hills covered with trees of various kinds.

Now look farther down,' said Mr. Godfrey, 'and tell me what you see.'

James looked in the direction pointed out by his father, and saw the black and gloomy summit of a mountain towering far above the surrounding hills and cliffs.

On the top of that mountain,' said Mr. Godfrey, '—there lives an old man, who has there dwelt alone, in a little hut, for the space of many years. He subsists entirely on daisies, berries, and vegetables. He is seldom visited by any person who lives in these parts. *He was an unfortunate man, having lost his family by sickness, and becoming decrepit, he lives entirely alone.*

is long, and his garments are of the most simple kind.'

'Does he eat little children?' cried James, looking anxiously around.

'I told you,' replied Mr. Godfrey, that he ate nothing but dried fruits, berries, and vegetables. But why should you suppose he ate little children.'

'Because,' said James, 'he is just such a person as the nurse has told me about—with a long beard, and claws, and frightful red teeth, and'—

'Stop, stop'—said his father—'that is quite enough. I did not tell you that he had either claws or red teeth.'

'But he must be something dreadful,' said James—'for only see what a dark and gloomy place he lives in. The clouds are this moment gathering around the top of the mountain, and, if the old man lives up there, he must be something terrible. Oh! I should be so frightened, if I were to see him.'

Mr Godfrey assured his son that the hermit *was* quite harmless, and that he was also a *very* *wise* man; but James had heard so many

THE HERMIT AND

goblins and child-eaters that nothing his
aid could quiet his fears of the old man
ed on the top of the dark mountain.
n as he got home, he ran to the nurse,
old her a wonderful story about this
ge man, and she took advantage of his
rs to render him obedient to her will. She
him that the man in the mountain would
e down, whenever she called him, and car-
him up in the clouds, and feed him on rain-
ws and moonshine. This made James afraid
go out of the house after dark, lest the old
an should come down and kidnap him.
Whenever James walked any distance from
home, in the woods, if he heard the least noise,
he would run with all his might, in the belief
that the hermit was in chase of him. Some-
times he was even afraid to close his eyes, at
night, for fear the dreaded being should come
and carry him off while he slept. Mr. God-
frey tried to reason him out of his fears; and,
at other times, laughed at the silly boy, but
nothing could drive the idea out of James.
That the hermit was a very danger-

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Oh! he

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‘He lives up in the clouds,’ said James ; ‘he lives amongst the dark trees, where the eagles are, and the snakes, and he has a long beard—Oh ! he must be a dreadful fellow !’

Now the reason that James was so much alarmed, was, because he had always been taught by a foolish nurse, to believe in monsters, in witches, ghosts, and fairies. It is difficult to remove these superstitions from the mind, after they have once obtained a footing there.

At length, James’s little boat was finished. It was about twelve feet long, and very light. It was painted very beautifully. The bottom was green ; a black streak ran along near the water-line—then a red streak, and then a gilded streak. The stern was ornamented with gilt carved work, representing a horn of plenty ; and underneath this decoration were painted the words, ‘THE DOVE,’ which was the name of the boat ; a dove being also sculptured on the head of the boat. Little James was very much rejoiced when he was led over to the shop to see his new boat. He clapped his hands, and jumped up and down for joy.

The boat was immediately taken to the riv

THE HERMIT AND

n's shoulders, and launched. James
the oars into the boat, and paddled
the middle of the river. He found
old manage his boat without much
the river was smooth and the stream
y gently. He spent the remainder
on the river, his father keeping a
or him, on the shore. James was
ghted with looking down into the
r, for in many places, he could see
stones, and white sand at the bot-
ten he would paddle his boat into some
s, and sail round amongst the trees,
nches, in many places, met over his
le the water would be covered with
He felt happier than he had language
s, and when he went home at night,
d of his exploits as much as if he had
id the world, on a voyage of discov-
ly on the next morning, he arose and
o the river side. He spent the great-
the day, sailing up and down the river,
ly affording time to go home for
le began to think himself quite a
to speak truth, he displayed con-

able ingenuity in the mangement of his boat.

Matters had remained thus for several days, when Mr. Godfrey received a letter requiring his immediate presence in town. He called James to him, and said :

‘ My dear boy, I have occasion to leave home about a week, and during my absence, I must request that you will not venture upon the water, in your boat. I have a reason for giving you this charge. There is a danger with which you are unacquainted.’

James shuddered at the conclusion of his father’s injunction, for he had no doubt that Mr. Godfrey alluded to the terrible man in the mountain. He promised obedience, although he knew he should be very impatient for his father’s return.

Mr. Godfrey had been absent about four days, and James had scrupulously avoided going to the river. But his time began to hang heavy on his hands. All the amusements that he had tried became irksome, and he thought every hour more and more strongly of his boat ; *until, believing there could be no harm in his taking a short sail, he ran to the river, and*

THE HERMIT AND

once more in his little vessel. Having long deprived of that pleasure, he now took it with double zest, and the hours passed by unheeded.

He had suffered his bark to float down the river much farther than usual, and was about to reach the landing place, when a stream of water came rushing down a rocky glen, and his boat was whirled round with her head down stream, notwithstanding all that he could do. In a moment, the air was thick with flying leaves and dust. The water became much agitated, and the waves beat against the sides of the little boat. He tried to row up against the stream, but a tempest had commenced, and he lost every moment. The wind and current grew more and more violent, and the boat was borne down stream with amazing swiftness. He tried to row his boat ashore at any point he could reach; but all his exertions were of no avail. He was surprised at the strength of the current which ran faster and faster every moment. At length he saw, some distance off, the white and spray of a tremendous waterfall.

now knew that he should be carried over falls and dashed to pieces, unless he succeeded in reaching the shore. He applied self to his task with redoubled energy. He ght at the branches of trees which lay in water, but they would not hold him. He w down his oars and screamed for assistance. was rapidly approaching the base of the dark intain in which the hermit lived; and his s were about equally ballanced between g eaten alive by that terrible man, or ied over the water-fall. The blinding y already dashed over the boat as the waters, ting and leaping as they encountered rocks shoals on their way, hastened to plunge the fatal ledge into the roaring chasm be-

At that moment despair entered the t of the shrieking boy. He raised his eyes leaven for mercy, and saw a human form lly descending the fitful mountain, leaping rock to rock with the most reckless haste intrepidity.

Oh!" cried James, "it is that dreadful man e mountain! I shall be killed and eaten!" he screamed in the agony of his terror

But the hermit continued to descend, and there was no time to be lost. Just as he reached the bottom of the mountain, James caught sight of his long beard, as he was whirling with the speed of lightning towards him. The hermit sprang upon a rock which was at a short distance in the water, and swung the long rope around his head several times, then he threw it towards the boat. James had sufficient presence of mind to seize the end of the rope, and tie it around his body ; for the thoughts of the hermit were, at that moment, swayed up in the dread of the imminent death that awaited him. The hermit gave a loud shout as he drew the fainting boy to the shore. At another moment, the boat was tossed into the air, and then plunged headlong down the gulph of destruction.

‘ Oh ! ’ cried James to the hermit, ‘ kill me—do not eat me ! ’

‘ I am not a bear ; ’ answered the hermit kindly—‘ I do not eat people. But *you think so hardly of me ?* ’

‘ Oh, ’ said James, still trembling, ‘ *you live up yonder amongst the* ’

because nobody has ever seen you, and you are such a dreadful man.'

'Thus it is with mankind,—said the hermit, He that dwelleth on high, whom no mortal ye can behold; who 'maketh darkness his pavilion,' and who 'rides upon the whirlwind' is regarded with fear and with horror. Men seek to appease him with gloomy lives and austere habits. They think that He delights in the unhappiness of the creatures whom He has created. They tell of his vengeance and his pitiless wrath. My son, it is a great weakness to suppose that because a man is enshrouded in mystery, and lives, as you say, amongst the clouds, that he must necessarily be cruel. My humble cell is always open to the needy traveller, and the good of my species is my greatest delight. I saw you, at a distance, approaching the great falls. If you had gone over them, you would have gone into eternity in the twinkling of an eye. I flew to save you, and, thank Heaven, I have succeeded.'

The hermit then set out on foot to convey *James* home. It was a long walk, and they are obliged to ford the river on a raft of logs

Mr. Godfrey had already reached thanked the hermit with an over From that moment, James learned ferently of the man of the mountain visited him in his cell, and was with his pious discourse. Young also dwells on high, and is enthro darkness, but he is no more an o ish fear, than was the benevolen mountain.

P R A Y E R .



Children, in the voice of prayer,
Mark your heavenly Father's care ;
For, his hand, hath led you through
All your infancy 'till now.

In the day so fair and bright,
Through the dark and silent night,
When your eyes are closed in sleep,
And your slumbers sweet and deep—

When no guardian parent nigh,
Watches you with careful eye,
When the storm was fierce and wild,
God doth guard the helpless child.

Through the winters blustering reign
When the snow-clothed hill and plain,
And the sunbeams coldly smiled,
God, hath watched the little child.

Through the spring with chilly storm
Through the summer, bright and warm,

PRAYER.

Through the fall with fruit-crown'd head,
God, each little child hath led.

God, doth give each child his health,
Parents, raiment, food and wealth;
But, whate'er your lot, in prayer,
Children, thank that Father's care.

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WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why do children called upon to love, and honour their parents?

Because, that is the pleasure of the Lord. Command—‘Honor thy father and mother—the first commandment with promise. Children should obey it, because obedient make them happy.

Why did our Saviour say—‘Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them

not? Because, he loved them, and was desirous of them, which he did, whenever they came to him, or he went where they were.

Why did he bless little children?

Because, he came to bless all men, and all children. He came to save all and to condemn none.

Why did Christ come to save the world?

Because, our Heavenly Father has purposed to save every one of his children, and make them happy. He promised this to Abraham



AND BECAUSE.

thy seed shall all the families
blessed.'

promise to bless all men, and
them?

infinite in love, goodness and
not do any thing but what is
is creatures.

children love one another?

are members of the same fam-
one Father in heaven, who
a father's love.

THE CONTRAST.

ALL earthly love is but a mist,
That soon will pass away,
And, like the rainbow's lovely smile,
Is formed but to decay.

But heavenly love is holy—pure ;
It lives while life doth last—
Remains unchanged in fortune's smile,
Or rude affliction's blast.

More brilliant than the sparkling gem,
The richest from the mines,
It is not chilled by death's cold hand,
But with true splendor shines.

This love has given birth to man
And all his wants supplied;
Its depth and height we ne'er can scan;
It does our follies hide.



The Orphan Boy and his Dog.

THE ORPHAN BOY AND HIS DOG.

WHENEVER you see a little boy in the street, ragged and dirty, you must not despise and laugh at him, but pity him. For he may be a good, though an unfortunate little orphan, as was the case with him, concerning whom I am now going to tell you.

‘It is now many years ago,’ said my great uncle to us one day, ‘since a little orphan boy was found in a ditch near a village some twenty miles from town. At that time my residence was very near the spot; and, being the only medical man in the parish, the poor little fellow was brought to me. I instantly saw the poor boy was too weak to give any account of himself; I therefore ordered the servants to give him a nice warm supper, and put him to bed.

‘In the morning, he and a little dog were shown into my room, and a most interesting couple they were. He appeared a nice well-built little fellow, though rather wan from

N BOY

A dog was a handsome
ought something out of
both appeared to have
I had looked for some
friends, I spoke to the
owing conversation en-

on,' said I, 'how happens
stitute as to be found lying
no one knows any thing

'I am a poor orphan boy,
ne, or even friends, except
y side. I have no house to
ve I a single morsel to eat,
person or other will be so
ie a crust or so.'—

y,' said I; 'and how came you
, this shocking state?' for I at
his manner, that he had moved
ent path of life.

a very faint remembrance,' sa
ner, who left this country
as but a very, very little boy
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left me with my poor grandmother, and went to the country I just told you of; and for the last five years we have never heard a word about him. About a month ago, my grandmother was taken in a fit, and died; and as we had lived by ourselves, for the neighbors never troubled themselves about us, I knew no one to make a friend of, when I lost her. She had been supported by the parish for three years; and as she was always afraid that the parish officers would take me away from her, and put me into the workhouse, if they knew of my living with her, she took great care to keep me from their notice. She had but little indeed to live upon, but she divided it well; for Trim and I always had enough, though not of such things as we had when my father first left us. Well, sir,' said he, as the tears trickled down his pale, thin cheeks, 'when she died, I did not know what to do, for she never spoke to any one about me after she fell sick, and as I was afraid of being taken by those cruel men of the workhouse, I did not dare to stay in the house; so I took a little book, which my father had given me when he went away, and le'

home and my poor dead grandmother, to become a beggar !

‘ I went from house to house, and from shop to shop, asking for a few half-pence or broke victuals all the day, and at night slept among the stalls in Convent Garden or Fleet-market. Every day, however, I went to see the house where I had lived in such comfort ; and, one morning upon going there, I saw them carry my poor dear grandmother to the burying-ground ; so I went also, and would have cried if I had dared, but I was still afraid of being taken away by those parish officers she had always given me such a dread of. While I stood there, our poor dog Trim, who had followed the body to the ground, came up to me and began to leap and whine about me, as if we were crazed with joy. I was very glad to have Trim for a companion ; though I did not know how to get bread for myself, much less for two selves. Tired with the thumps and blows I received in London, and ignorant how I could find a friend, for I knew not enough to inquire about my father, I made no inquiries concerning him, I was

the country with poor Trim, sometimes with plenty of food, and sometimes with none.

‘ Last night, I came to this village, and the first person I asked for food, called me a little vagabond, and told me I should go to the parish officers or the constable, if I did not that instant quit the place. Who this man was, I do not know ; but the threats, which he uttered were so terrible, that I at once ran away from him, to hide my head where I could. Which way to pursue, I knew not ; so I wandered into the fields, and fell asleep in that ditch in which I was found. Poor Trim lay across my breast, and, I think, kept me alive by his warmth ; for when the kind person who brought me here, found me, I think I must have been nearly dead ; for I did not seem to know whose hands raised me up, or by whom I was carried from the ditch where I lay.

Such is my story, kind sir ; and, if mine be a case deserving your notice, pray do tell me, how I may earn my living by work, for I cannot endure to go begging from door to door in *this way*. Do this for me, dear, kind sir, as

SONG.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 Thy music shows you have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber never gives,
 But when the whole world turns to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

UNCLE JOSHUA'S KINDNESS.

My Uncle Joshua, as report says—for I never saw him myself, he having lived in another part of the country—is a kind, compassionate, and humane old man. He is kind, not only to human beings, but also to dumb beasts. He neither torments, nor suffers others to torture the meanest reptile. When a fly has tormented him for a long time, if he succeeds in catching it, he will let it go, exclaiming at the same time—‘The world is wide enough for thee and me.’

The other day, he called the children to him and told them how naughty it was to torture and kill flies, or to tread on worms, and said it showed a very bad disposition.

‘Now, children,’ said he, ‘I am going to tell a story, from which you may derive a useful lesson. From the dreadful end which befel the naughty boy of whom I am going to speak, you must learn to refrain from every from de-

scription of cruelty, lest a similar fate attend you.

'There are few things more disgraceful children, than to be cruel to creatures, who are unable to defend themselves. If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at the toad, or take pains to set his foot upon a worm, I am sure that there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, and which he could get any power. He would take eggs from the mourning robin, and torture the unfledged sparrow; cats and dogs, the peaceful cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted in worry and distress. I do not like to tell of the many cruel things he did. He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent father with whom he lived, used to warn and prove him for his evil conduct. But he would not reform. When he grew up, he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray

country, and to sell it into the hands of the enemy—this is, to be a traitor. But he was discovered, and fled. He never dared return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably, in a foreign clime. Such was the end of that cruel boy, who loved to give pain to animals. His name was Benedict Arnold; he was born at Norwich, Connecticut; and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

‘Now,’ continued my uncle, ‘there is a great, good and just Being in heaven, who is God, who will not suffer baseness and iniquity to go unrewarded. He will not let the wicked man escape the punishment he deserves. If you are cruel and hard-hearted, you must at some future time receive the same in return. Go, children; remember what I have now told you; profit by the same, and at some future time I will address you again.’

T H E R E I S A G O D .

CHILDREN have heard a great deal said about God. Our forefathers, a great while ago, used to call him 'the Good.' We shorten the word a little, and call him God; but it means the same thing—good. And they gave him that name because he is so good to men. But I am going to ask these children a question. How do you know there is any God? Have you ever seen him? No; for 'no man hath seen God at any time.'

Are we sure there are things in the world which we never saw? Yes, a great many. You never saw Paris, or London; and yet you know there are such places. How do you know? You know because others have been there and seen them.

Now, suppose nobody had ever seen those cities, could you know there were such cities? *No.* How, then, do you know there is a God? *Is it because the men who write the Bible say there is a God? But how*

w? They never saw God. Can we believe there is any thing which nobody ever saw? Yes, a great many things.

Go to the window some cold day. Do you see the trees rocking, and the limbs swinging and bending, and the leaves all flying about? What makes them do so? Can any of you answer? Yes, you all know it is the wind, blowing the trees. But can you see the wind? No, nobody knows there is such a thing as wind, though we cannot see it.

Did you ever feel sick, so as to take medicine, and feel in great pain? Yes. I suppose you all have. But which of these children ever felt the pain? Did you hear it? No. Did you smell it? No. And you know there is such a thing as pain, though we cannot see it.

You all know there is such a thing as hunger. How do you know? You never saw it, nor heard it, nor smelt it; but you feel it.

Suppose I should now say there is no such thing in the world as love. Would it be true?

But why not? You never saw love. No, you love your parents, and know by your

feelings that there is such a thing as love, though you never saw it.

Suppose one of these children should have both of his eyes put out, and be a blind little boy. He could still think. He could sit down and think how his home looked, how his father and mother looked. Suppose he should then lose his hearing so as to be deaf. He could still think how the voice of his father and mother used to sound, when they spoke pleasantly to him. Suppose he were then to lose his taste so that he could not taste sweet things from sour. He could then sit down and think how his food and fruit used to taste, and how he used to love them. Suppose, next, he were to lose his feelings so as to be numb and cold. He could then think how things used to feel; how an orange felt round, and a book felt flat.

Yes, and if he were to lose eyes, and ears, and taste, and feeling, and smelling, all at once, he could still tell us how things used to be. The sun used to look bright and round, and so did the moon; the rose and the pink used to smell sweetly, the flute to sound pleasantly, the sugar to taste sweet, and the ice to feel cold. *He can think all about these things.*

Now, what is it that thinks? It is the soul—the soul within you. How do you know that a watch-case has any watch in it? Because you hear it tick, and see the pointers move. And just so you know your body has a soul in it, because it thinks and moves your hand, and your eye, just as the watch within the case moves the pointers. But nobody ever saw the soul. And yet we know we have a soul, because we see it do things. When you feel happy the soul makes the face laugh; when the soul feels bad, it shows itself through the face, and perhaps makes the face cry. When you are wicked, it makes you cross, and speak wicked words, and disobey your parents, and disobey God.

Now, it is in just such ways we know there is God. Just attend to what I am going to say, and see if I do not make it plain, and prove it out to you, that there is a God, because he does things.

You see this meeting-house. You see it is a building which was planned out, and every part of it planned for some use. Now, look at the roof with its rafters, and window, and seat,

for what are they designed? Why, the window is to let the light in, the seat for the preacher to sit down, and the stairs so that he can go into it; and this place where I stand, that he may stand up so high as to be seen by all in the house. Those seats or pews were made for you to sit in, during the sermon, and all done off and numbered, so that each family might have their own pew, and know it. Those windows were made to let the light in; those posts to hold up the gallery, so that it might not fall on those who sit under it. Those doors are made to shut the noise and cold out, and those stoves to warm the house in winter, and the long pipes to carry off the smoke. That front gallery is for the singers to sit in and sing God praises. Look now and see if you can find any thing to play with. No. There is nothing. Of course, this house was not made to play in. See if you can see any thing to sleep on—a couch, or bed? No, none. Of course, the house was not made to sleep in. It is all prepared to be a place in which to worship God.

Suppose, now, I should tell you this house was never built by any body! It all goes

THERE IS A GOD.

chance, just as it is! The brick for on the outside, and the roof on the just so, making this great square room pews, and pulpit, and windows, and every thing just as it is! It all chance! Could you believe this? could not believe it. Why, you would house must be built by somebody. Tell me, did you ever see the man who these bricks, and spread these walls? No you see the carpenter who built these pews pulpit and doors, and windows? No. Did ever see the glass-maker who melted the and made this glass? No. Did you ever the silk weaver who wove this pulpit-cloth? No. Or the man who hammered out the and made these pipes? No, no. You did, and yet you know that all these live cause you see what they have done. All is good proof.

And it is in just such ways that we there is a God; for he made the clay, had only to be altered by the fire, and brick. He made the wood, which has be altered in its shape, and it beco

and seats. He made the iron, which had only to have its shape altered by melting, and it is these stoves. The sand which he made has only to be melted, and it becomes glass. He made the little worm which spun the silk of which this cushion was made. And he made the light to shine through these windows, and your eyes to see it after it comes in, and your ears to hear voices and sounds. He made the mind of yours, so that it can understand what I say, and your memory so that you can lay it up and keep it, and talk it over after you are home.

A H Y M N .

Suffer little children to come unto
me not, for of such is the kingdom

What blissful sounds are those
'Tis music from above ;
It falls so gently on my ear,
It melts my soul with love.

'Tis not the harsh, discordant voice
Of wrath or slavish fear,
'That bids my infant heart rejoice
And dries the falling tear.

No; 'tis the Savior meek and mild
I know his voice full well;
He loves to hear the little child
His loving kindness tell.

'Suffer these little ones to come;
Forbid them not,' he cries;
'For such my blood must freely
Of such my kingdom is.'

Then tune my heart, prepare my voice
O teach my lips to sing,
I let me chant a joyful song
To my Redeemer King!



The little Milkmaid and William.

THE LITTLE MILKMAID.

There was a widow woman that lived near a cross-road, as you go up from the village of Nley towards the river. She was a good woman, and was deserving of every one's regard; and as she injured nobody, there could be found no one unreasonable enough to say a word against her. Perhaps if this woman had lived in a large town, she would not have escaped blame, even if she was undeserving of it. Some will find fault with the best. Jesus Christ said 'In the world offences must come,' and we must not expect while we associate with fellow creatures, that we shall always be judged according to our real merit. 'The Saviour of men was killed by the earthly minded Jews, and the righteous Stephen was stoned to death for defending the doctrines of his Divine Father. This widow's name was Esther, and she was so little acquainted with the world, that she had no opportunity to find fault with her. Her cottage stood about a hundred yards from

the road, in the midst of a pleasant, rosy den; and in Spring the morning glories climbed to her very roof. She took in spinning supported herself comfortably in that manner while her little girl, whose name was Mary, would carry home her mother's work and a number of small errands, by which she rendered herself very useful.—

Thus did the mother and daughter live happily together, and thanked a gracious Providence for bestowing upon them all that necessary for the enjoyment of this life. Mary's mother taught her to read, and often, on a winter evening, would Mary sit down by her mother's side, and read out of some interesting book, until the old clock, that stood in the corner struck nine, when Mary would start up, turn her head and say, 'What! is it nine o'clock so soon—I declare how fast the hours pass away when I am reading this pretty book.' Then her mother would say—'well, my dear, you may read on until you get to the end of the piece, for I should like to hear the end of it myself.' So Mary would read on, but whenever she pronounced a word

her mother would tell her how she ought to speak it. But sometimes Mary would not feel like reading, and then she would get a stick of wood and stand it up between her knees, and take the hammer and crack walnuts, and pick out the meats with a darning needle, and give some of them to her mother. At other times, she would get a large red apple, or some chestnuts, for they always had a plenty of such things laid up against the winter set in. Little Mary had not many acquaintances, for she was quite poor, and the neighboring children were richer, and took but little notice of her. Yet she enjoyed herself well enough with her mother, who was very kind to her, and never treated her coldly, but listened with pleasure to all her little plans. Several years had passed on in this manner, and little Mary had begun to be capable of earning something pretty handsome, when her mother was attacked by a severe cold. Mary nursed her mother all she was able, and did all the work about the house; but widow Esther continued to grow worse.

“Mother,” said Mary one day, “Suppose you should die, and I were to be left all”

d, what would become of me?'
 die,' replied her mother, ' You
 support yourself; and if you
 cepts of the Holy Bible a bless-
 you through life. It would be
 leave you exposed to the trials
 n early age; and, no doubt,
 h miss the company of your
 cannot expect to have me
 , and it might be as hard to
 a future day, as it would be

said Mary, bursting into tears,
 s if you really thought that you
 e soon. I don't like to hear
 Tell me that you will get well.'
 my child,' said widow Esther,
 the event quite uncertain. We
 that God should do as he pleases
 to repine at his decisions.
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sturity, and to know the effect of the dis-
satisfaction.'

But mother, we have lived so happily to-
gether, that I cannot bear the idea of ever part-
ing from you.'

Consider what you say, my dear child,' re-
plied her mother. 'If we have enjoyed so
much happiness together, we ought to be thank-
ful for what we have enjoyed instead of finding
fault that we can enjoy no more. What if you
were to give a poor person a night's lodging—
would not you be surprised at his ingratitude if
instead of thanking you for his one night's ac-
commodation, he should murmur because you
did not lodge him two night's instead of one?'

Mary said no more at that time, but prepar-
ed herself to carry home some work which she
had been doing for a neighbor, in order to earn
a little money to purchase some necessaries for
her mother. Mary was absent about an hour,
when she returned home, she perceived
that every thing was quiet, and, therefore, sup-
posed her mother was asleep. She stepped
softly across the room for fear of waking
her and began to make the tea. After she go-

stepped to the bedside to see if she was still sound asleep. She thought her face presented a singular appearance; she lay more quiet than she had ever before. She thought it best to say nothing and inquire if she was any worse. Mrs. Wilcox returned no answer, and then she was alarmed. She gently shook her, and said she was cold. Mary had never before seen a person, but the idea came with a chill that ran through all her veins, for her mother was dead. She was afraid to touch her again, lest she should be disappointed that such was the case. Mrs. Wilcox, a near neighbor, entered the room and inquired after the widow. Mrs. Wilcox went directly up to the bed, and once more ascertained that Mary's mother had gone home. Mary anxiously inquired if she was dead, but Mrs. Wilcox did not answer. She took Mary by the hand and led her to the bed.

Mrs. Wilcox said she, when Mary was seen, that she was a very good woman—far happier—and much

than any other. Then Mary sobbed and she sobbed and sobbed.

We will pass over Esther, and Mary, who of her mother and Brown's made her for her of the

off than any of us at the present moment.'

Then Mary knew that her mother was dead, and she sobbed aloud, and refused to be comforted.

We will pass over the burial of the Widow Esther, and inform our young readers that little Mary, who was seven years old on the death of her mother, was put out to live with an old man and his wife, by the name of Brown. The Brown's did not pity the poor orphan, but made her work hard, and would often chide her for the slightest oversight. Mary felt that there was a great difference between living with her own kind mother, and being under the care of strangers, who did not know how to pity the helpless young. She would often go into the woods and sit down and think of the time when she lived at home with her affectionate mother, who always carefully attended to her when she was sick, and spoke kindly to her on all occasions. At other times when she was sent on an errand, she would pass by the house where her mother used to live, and when she saw it all deserted and forlorn, a feeling of her lonely condition would press upon her spi

them as she used to talk to her n the people who came to the house that she was a poor servant girl th bringing up, and they looked upo contempt. They sent the poor some distance from the house to mi when the snow was deep, and she to wade through the drifts which times very deep. But Mr. and Mrs this because she was a poor girl w friends. The world will often in people who have no friends; whe the very reason they should endeavor and encourage them. But Mary's mistress thought not of these thing were hard-hearted people, and loo *their own* interest than to the wel

*One frosty morning little Mary w
her pail to milk the cows. Ma*

My bought a new cow that was very unruly, and had very sharp horns, and when Mary went up to her, she turned upon the little girl.

Mary ran and screamed, and the cow pursued after her. The fence was a great ways off, and

Mary heard the cow close behind her coming at full speed. She was just about fainting with

terror, when a little boy sprang out from a neighboring orchard, with a large stick in his

hand, and placing himself between Mary and the cow, attacked the animal so vigorously that

she ran back, and Mary was saved. Mary was

very thankful to the little boy, for he was the first person who had done her a kindness since

her mother died. He told her not to be afraid,

but to come and milk the cows, and he would stand by and protect her.—‘My name is Will-

iam Edwards,’ said he, ‘I live in the red house over the plain. What is your name, little girl,

and where does your mother live?’ Then the tears came into Mary’s eyes, as she answered,

‘I have no mother. She is dead, and I have no friend in the world—but I live with Mr. Brown.’

‘What!’ said he, ‘is your mother dead,

you such a little girl. What a dreadful thing it must be to lose one's mother! But you are too little to be sent out here on such a cold, frosty morning to milk the cows. Your fingers look blue, and your teeth chatter in your head. What makes you come? why don't you let somebody else, that is larger than you, do this kind of work?

'Because my mistress says I must do it,' answered Mary.

'It is very strange,' said little William, 'but if you have got no mother, I will bring you over some little books and some playthings, for I have a father and mother, and I will bring you a number of pretty things.'

Mary thought very strange that this little boy should be so much better to her than other people, and she began to feel as if Providence had sent her a friend. She told him she was very much obliged to him, and when she was loaded with her full pail to go to the house, he offered to carry it for her, but she would not. *him.* He then promised to see her at the same place, in the morning, and *his way.*

On the next morning, Mary went forth again milk the cows; but when she got to the n-yard, she could see nothing of little Will-, and she sat down and wept, for she began fear that he was like the rest of the world, that he had found out that she was a poor , and had forsaken her too. So she began milk one of the cows with a heavy heart, en she heard a rustling amongst the bushes, l looking round saw William hastening ards her with a smiling face, and with his ds full of little books and other things which ldren delight in. Mary jumped up and clap- l her hands when he spread them all out ore her, for she had never seen so many tty toys before, in all her life. As she knew v to read well, she soon learned the names all the books. There was one called 'little d Riding Hood'—another was 'Jack the unt killer.' Then there were a number of aller books, with gilt covers which pleased v very much. Then little William said, 'I l give you all these because I believe you a very good girl,' and he threw his arm nd her neck, and kissed her, and asked t

if she would not be his sister, and call him her brother, 'for' said he, 'I have no sister of my own. And she kissed William on one of his pretty red cheeks, and said, 'yes William, I will be your sister, and you shall be my brother.' And then little Mary laid her head on his breast and shed tears of joy because Providence had raised her up a friend, when she thought she was forsaken by all the world.

Every morning after this meeting, little Mary found William waiting for her near the barn, and they held sweet and innocent conversation; and they promised one another that they would remain friends together as long as they lived. On some fine afternoons, Mary would meet William in the fields, and they would walk together into the groves and orchards, and then they would stray as far as the meadow and see the lambs frisking and playing, and admire their innocence and beauty.' Time passed away a whole year, and William and Mary were like brother and sister all that time. *But it was* on a morning in spring that William called on his little Mary, and she saw in his countenance that something trou-

ry much, and she asked him what it was that made him look so sad.

'Alas! my dear Mary,' said he, 'I am going to be sent away to a Boarding school, and shall be gone three months, and in all that time, I shall not see you, you will have no one to help you when you go to milk the cows; you will have no one to bring you little cakes and pretty toys, and when you walk out in the fields, you will be alone for I shall be afar off amongst strangers. And when I get up in the morning, I shall not have you to visit. I shall not see your pretty blue eyes, and your sweet smile with that smiles so affectionately whenever I see you. No, I shall feel as if I was out of the world. And then those Browns make you so hard and scold you, and despise you, you will not have me to comfort you and cheer you. It makes the tears come into my eyes whenever I think of it.'

William could say nothing for her heart was so full that she threw her arms around William's neck and wept bitterly. Then William took from his pocket a handsome little gilt case, and gave it to Mary, and told her to keep it

to remember him by, until he came. When William was forced to leave Mary, she went weeping back to the house. She felt very much as she did when he died; for it seemed to her as if she were more cast forlorn upon the wide world, without a single friend to care whether she lived or died. Now that William was gone, in the morning with a sad heart, and went out to milk the cows, she felt lonely and sick at heart, for little William was no longer there. When she walked abroad in the green fields, William was not at her side. She would sit down on a stone and cry for an hour at a time. Besides this, he had loaded her with harder work than before. When night arrived, she was so tired that she could hardly reach her bed in the gloom, and she slept.

Days and weeks passed on, but Mary forgot William, who was the only friend she had in the world. But the Browns were poor and ragged, and Mary was now afraid William would not come back, even if he should see her.



THE LITTLE MILKMAID.

tered herself lost to all hope of comfort in this world. But she did not forget to pray to her Maker, as her mother had taught her, knowing that he is a friend to the fatherless and despises not the cry of the poor ; for the Father of us all, and loves all the mankind of his hands more tenderly than an earthly father loves his children. But so many days seemed long and tedious to poor Mary, and she toiled on and drudged from morning to evening in order to try to please her mother and mistress, who would not be pleased with anything she could do, but constantly found fault with her. Therefore, Mary would seek every opportunity, when she could be spared, to run out into the woods and bemoan her unfortunate state. It was on one of these occasions that she had wandered much farther than usual. There was a large hollow tree where she and William had often met, but now she could not find it, and kept going on farther and farther in hopes of coming up with it soon ; but William had been gone away a great while, and *was so long since she had been to it that she missed it, and went some distance*

a heavy clap of

The wind arose and the lightning
so much that she could not see her way,
she took the wrong direction, and found
self in the midst of a thick forest, in a strange
place. She, however, hurried on without know-
ing what direction she was taking, but no clear-
let to the wood appeared. The air kept grow-
ing darker; the wind roared and bowed
tops of the tall trees. One branch fell directly
before her, and the rain began to pour down
torrents. She now became very much fright-
ened, and called out aloud for assistance,
there was no one near to hear her; and
feared she should perish in the wilderness.
She kneeled down and prayed to her
Heaven for deliverance, but the wind
to mock her. She was drenched
through by the rain, and the lightning
around her. She now wished

safe in the house of her cruel master and mistress, for she feared she should perish alone in the woods, and no one would know what had become of her.

She still ran forward in hopes of finding out where she was at last. But the sharp sticks and briars cut her feet; she lost one of her shoes in a bog, and her garments were completely soaked through. She wept and prayed continually. At length she got out of the wood, and came to a large field. It was a field that she had never seen before, but she resolved to cross it in search of some shelter, or she thought if she only got into a barn, it would be some security for her against the storm that howled so dismally, while the lightning flashed over her head as if the heavens were in blaze. But she came to no house, and her situation now seemed to be worse than it was in the woods; for there were no trees to keep off the rain, and the wind had a clean sweep across the open plain, and chilled her to the bone. She now began to feel fatigued and weary, and she sunk down upon the ground. She prayed to God that if she was about to

die, He would take her to that blessed place where her mother was, and let her be forever be in his holy presence. It was now quite dark, and she had given up all hope of being heard or discovered by any living soul. On raising her head once more, she saw a light at a great distance off. She tried to rise, and she was hardly able to get upon her feet. She trembled violently and her head was dizzy; but she crawled as well as she could towards the light. The light seemed to approach her, and she indulged the hope that she should yet be saved. But just as she had offered up a prayer of thanks for her deliverance, the light disappeared behind a clump of trees, and she once more despaired of succor. She tried to call out, but was so faint that she could not make herself heard. She now thought that she was lost. She was fully sensible of her situation and was trying to reconcile herself to leave this beautiful world, and die, when she saw a light footstep near her, and the light shined
tern streamed across her face—
at the same time heard, saying
‘Oh! where is my poor,’

I will not sleep to-night until I have found

That sound infused new life into her form,
And caused her bosom to thrill, for it was the
Voice of her long-lost William.

‘ Here I am, William !’ cried she, as loud as
she was able ; ‘ dear William, I am here !’

He started with surprise, and soon discovered the poor girl lying upon the ground. He rushed to the spot, and raising her in his arms, kissed her affectionately a number of times. She was able to walk when William supported her, and he bade her be of good cheer, for his father’s house was not far off. She was so overjoyed that William had returned once more that she scarcely remembered the sufferings to which she had been exposed. On the way home, he told her that he had just arrived on that very afternoon, from the boarding-school, and had been over to Mr. Brown’s house to see her, but that they told him she had gone away, and they did not know where she was. He then went to the hollow tree, and to the various places where they had been accu

terminated never to give up ~~up~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
had found her. Poor Mary wept
heard him thus declare his friendship
and felt as if she had found a treasure
William which more than repaid her
she had endured. Nor did she forget
Heaven for thus making joyful the
deep affliction and despair.

William led her home to his father
and all the family were rejoiced that
the orphan was found. Dry clothes
upon her, and she went to bed and
sweet night's rest. In the morning
Mary told her that she had sent
Brown's, and made them consent

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' POOR MOTHER'S UNDER GROUND.'

The following verses were written by a y clergyman on hearing a little girl, who had her mother, say—' poor mother's under ground.

Yes, little child, your mother's where
 The green, green grass is waving;
 And dew-drops in their brightness there,
 Her resting place are laving;
 And zephyr's sighs, with mournful sound
 Reply ' poor mother's under ground.'

Yes, little child, your mother now
 Beneath the turf is resting,
 With naught of care to seer her brow,
 Nor grief her heart molesting;
 No woe, no sorrow, there is found,
 But all is peaceful under ground.

Ah! little child, your mother's form,
 You may not now remeinder;
 But many kisses, sweet and warm,
 Ere quenched her life's last ember.
She gave you, but her kiss is dre
For now ' poor mother's under

Yes, little child, although no more
You will on earth behold her,
Upon yon bright, celestial shore,
Your warm embrace shall fold her,
While joyful angel's shout around,
'Your mother's raised from under ground.'

And there, the kiss she gave you here,
Shall once again be given,
And fond affection's ties so dear,
Be firmly knit in heaven;
Nor more your heart, with gladness crowned,
Shall sigh, 'poor mother's under ground.'

EDDYSTONE LIGHT

There is in the English Channel a lighthouse answering to the following description. It is built upon some rocks, and against which many a ship has been totally destroyed. It proved a difficult matter to build a lighthouse here, because, in a storm, the waves were dashing over the rocks, rendering it dangerous for any one to venture upon them. However, the rocks were bare, and the builders had an opportunity to lay claim to them as they could seize upon them. This lighthouse was first built in 1759. It took fire in the winter of 1759, and was blown down, the men who had charge of it perishing, and escaping with their lives.

In 1759 another lighthouse was built on these dangerous rocks. It has since, and seems likely to stand for many years to come. Although during a storm the waves beat violently upon it, and

At part of the time under water, still does it main unshaken ; and many a ship, sailing in the Channel, on a dark night, is warned by the light streaming from its top, to sheer off, and escape destruction. This lighthouse may well be compared to a good man, surrounded by dangers and whelmed by the waves of adversity, yet sustaining his uprightness and his confidence, because he is founded on the Everlasting Rock of God's precious promises. His light shines abroad to warn others against the gulph of doubt and despair.

Several years ago, there was a poor widow who had an only son, named Malcolm Greene. This lad was very perverse and self-willed. He would do nothing that his mother desired him to do, because he thought he knew more than she did. He was but twelve years of age, yet did he set up his opinion, on every occasion, against that of his mother, who loved him tenderly because he was her only child. But he did not appear at all grateful for her indulgence, which was certainly a very bad trait in his disposition. Since we ought always to be doubly careful of offending or hurting the father

ings of those who treat us with kindness and affection. It is thus with our great Parent who is in Heaven. His mercy is to us so great that we should be very unwilling to disobey the commands of such a good and benevolent Creator. This little boy did not take these things into consideration. He thought that if he had his own way in every thing, he should be quite happy. He did not like to go to school ; and although his mother worked hard to pay for his instruction, he would run off with idle boys, and stray about the country, while she thought he was applying himself to his studies at school. Thus were his mother's time and money completely thrown away upon him. One day, his mother had a visit from a relation, and was desirous to show her how Malcolm had improved in learning, for she knew that he had been at school long enough to make great advances ; but in truth he had attended so little that he was quite behind hand. When she called him into the house to hear *him read*, she put a testament into his hands, and desired him speak up, and let his aunt hear *him read* one chapter. He took the book.

after fumbling and turning over the leaves sometime, confessed that he had got no farther in his studies than spelling words of four letters. His mother felt very much surprised and grieved, for she was afraid that her sister would suppose him to be a very dull boy ; but he was not naturally dull ; only he had neglected to make use of the advantages which she had labored so hard to procure for him. Malcolm also felt considerable ashamed, and he began to think that he must try to learn a little faster, and go more steadily to school, or he should be looked upon as a dunce. He made up his mind that he would go to school on the next day, and continue to study until he was, at least, able to read in the testament ; so that when next called upon, he should not be put to the blush.

Accordingly, on the next morning, he arose early, and brushed up his hat, so as to appear decent at the school. He then eat his breakfast and set out. He felt very well satisfied in his own mind, because he knew he was doing *right*, and that now he was acting according to *his mother's wishes*. He was obliged to wa

about a mile, in order to reach the school-house, and as he passed along the road, the little birds seemed to sing their sweetest songs as if to welcome his return to that road which he had not travelled before for some time. Just as he was going through a little cluster of trees, a tall, stupid looking boy met him, and ran directly up to him.

'What!' said he, 'is this Malcolm Greene? you are just the fellow I was wanting to see!'

'Well, then, walk along with me, and tell me what you have got to say,' said Malcolm, 'for I am in a hurry to get to school, and if you delay me, I shall be too late.'

'Oh, if you are going to school,' said the other boy, 'it will be of no use for me to tell you. I was going to tell you some very good news, but if you are off in such a hurry, I shall tell you nothing.'

'Well,' said Malcolm, who began to be very anxious to know what it was, 'I will stop here until you have told me all.'

'Come then and sit down with me,' said the other, whose name was Philip Dunderpat. 'Here on this little grassy spot, we will while I tell you all about our plan'

So Malcom sat down with Philip in a shady place, and Philip began thus :

‘ You know, my dear fellow, what I told you about the apple-hole over Farmer Swan’s stone wall. I am certain that the dog has been sold to Sir John Park’s game-keeper, and as to the farmer himself, he is so old and deaf that he could not hear us, if we pulled his house down about his ears. So, you see, there is nothing to hinder us from helping ourselves. My mother has offered me a penny for every hat full of apples that I will fetch her; for you know she takes a great fancy to Farmer Swan’s apples, they make such excellent pies !’

Malcolm could not help feeling proud, at that moment, that his mother was not such a woman as Philip’s was. He knew that his mother would not take an apple that she knew to be stolen, for all the pies in England. But yet Malcolm had no objection to rob the farmer himself; and he said to Philip, ‘ well, Phil, it is getting so late, that I suppose it would be of no use to go to school now.’

‘ No, indeed,’ said Philip, ‘ your class has done spelling by this time. If I could not’

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

school in time, I am sure I would not go at
For my part, I think it's of no use to go to
school. It only makes one want to be out of
doors.'

'I do not think exactly as you say,' replied
Malcom; 'but at any rate, it is of no use to go
to school when it is past school-time. I will
take a fresh start to-morrow morning, and will
go early, and keep going after that.'

So Malcolm and Philip turned back to go in
search of the farmer's apples: but as soon as
they came into the road, they met a little boy
named James Satchel, who was posting off to
school with great alacrity.

'So, Malcom,' said James, 'you are going
the wrong way, I perceive. Turn about and
go to school with me.'

'Not at this time of day,' replied Malcom.
'It is not my fashion to go to school when
is half over.'

'You mistake,' said James, 'It wants
hour of the time by our clock. We
at least fifteen minutes play-time
there.'

'Oh! your clock must be too slow.'

Malcolm ; ' It can't be possible that it should be so early. At least, you think it is too early, and I think it is too late ; so we will leave it to Philip who is bigger than either of us, and ought to know better than we, who are little boys. What is your opinion, Philip ?'

' Why,' said Philip, who was a little afraid to tell a lie while James was looking sharply at him. ' I can only say this ; that I should want some time to think on that question, and to examine the sun, and consult—and I suppose it would take me, at least, half an hour to make up my opinion ; and, by that time, I am sure it would be too late to go. Therefore I think it would be the safest for Malcolm to go with me.'

' I can soon settle the dispute about the time :' said James, ' just walk back a few paces with me, and you shall enter our house and satisfy yourselves by looking at the clock itself.'

' I think,' said Malcolm, ' we had better wait here until we hear it strike. Then there can be no mistake. We shall only take the wall for nothing by going to your house ; but if

When the clock
am sure it will be too late. ~~There~~
you will not take my advice, I must
look out that I am not led away by y
I wish you a very good morning.'

So the good little boy ran off to s
a light heart, while Philip and Malcol
search of the farmer's secret hole in
kept his apples.

The Farmer's house stood very n
place where the apples were hidde
the boys were obliged to be a little
their approaches. But there was
which completely shaded the front
house, so that it would be difficul
~~discover the plunderers~~

peeped through the crevices in the wall to see if anybody would appear. But no one came, and they whispered to each other, and laughed at the thought of how surprised the old man would be, when he came back to look for his apples, and found a part of them gone. But they did not find the hole so easily as they expected. They searched about for it, and scratched up the dirt in many different places, but found no apples. At length, Malcolm said he believed there were no such hole as had been described to him, and he was sorry he had undertaken to do such a wicked act as to steal: but just then Philip turned over a large flat stone, and the apples were discovered. Fine ripe apples they were too, and a plenty of them. Malcolm's conscience at once became quite elastic, as the apples came in sight. The boys helped themselves largely. They filled their hats, their pockets, and handkerchiefs; and, in their exultation and haste to get off with their plunder, neglected to cover over the hole again with the flat stone. They did not retreat as privately as they had come; but, supposing they had been unobserved, walked boldly out in

the road, and lugged their apples direct to the farmer's door. Now farmer Swan perceived somebody at work in his lot, but he did not know they were stealing his apples, so he concluded to wait until they came out, and then watch their movements. As they came along, the old man started up from behind his great tree, and asked them if they had any thing to sell. They were, at first, a little frightened, but when they saw he spoke so kindly to them, they supposed he did not suspect them of any misdemeanor. Philip, therefore, replied to the old man's question, that he had some very fine apples to sell.

'Indeed!' said the old man, drawing near, 'let me see them.'

Philip and Malcolm opened their bundles, and showed them to him.

'How much do you ask for them?'

'One dollar for the whole,' said Philip, turning to Malcolm.

'Well,' said the old man, 'I will buy them. I keep my apples in a hole over the road, and if you will be so good as to c

empty your hats and caps into that hole, and I'll settle with you.'

The boys turned pale at the mention of the hole, for they knew that when the old man came there, he would see what they had been about. But they did not dare to disobey. They emptied their bundles into the hole, and the old man covered it over.

'Now, my lads,' said farmer Susan, 'cannot you bring me some more of those fine apples? If you will go and get me some more of the same kind, I will pay you for the whole when you come back. Now hurry here with them as soon as possible, for I shall be impatient until your return. Do not delay an instant.'

The boys sneaked off quite chop-fallen, for they saw they had been out-witted by the old man, and were very much afraid that he would tell the neighborhood the whole story, and expose them to the ridicule of their school-mates. From this mortification, however, they were saved, as the farmer did not know their names and places of abode. On the next morning, Philip called on Malcolm, and asked him to go and sail with him in a pleasure boat; 'for

said he, 'my mother gave some morning, and we can hire a boat for day with it.'

This proposal pleased Malcolm and he concluded that he would go to school until the next day. 'The days' schooling,' said he, 'will not when it is considered that I have staid away for weeks at a time.'

But Malcom's mother told him that very much like a storm, and that the wind would blow violently in a day. Malcom mentioned his mother's answer to Philip who answered, 'that if he was to try to spoil sport in that way, let her to mind her own business; Malcom he must recollect that he was most a young man. So Malcom went into the house, and said: 'Mind your business, mother, for I am getting to be a man.'

The two bad boys then went where there was a man who had a number of boats to hire out. Philip picked the best boat he could find, and

that he should charge for it. The man looked at the boys narrowly, and asked them if they knew how to manage a boat. This Malcolm had not thought of; but Philip spoke out boldly, and said, 'oh, yes, I can manage a boat as well as any body.'

'But,' said the man, 'we shall have bad weather before night. I suppose you will not be gone long.'

'No, sir, we shall not be gone over an hour;' answered the deceitful boy: and he winked slyly to Malcolm.

So they put up the boat's mast, and spread the sail, and sailed boldly out into the English Channel. A pleasant, fair wind carried them along, and they laughed at the thought of danger. While they were thus sailing over the waves, Philip told Malcolm that he had stolen the money from his mother, with which he intended to pay for the boat. Malcolm laughed about it, and said he would also steal money from his mother if she had any to steal.

'But,' said he, 'she lays out all her money for teaching me to read and write, and to buy wood in winter.'

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

very foolish to lay out money for the stupid Philip, 'for I am sure I need of any fire in such a good man as your mother always has in the one.'

sailing and talking in this manner for hours, the boys began to think it was to start for home. But they found they could not sail so well towards the land as from the shore, because the wind blew from the shore. As they did not know any about trimming the sails, and beating against the wind, they found they could not advance an inch in the direction of the shore. I declare,' said Philip, 'I will not pay that in a single penny for such a boat as this, for it will only sail one way. All the boats that I ever saw before, would sail any where that a person wanted them to go.'

But Malcolm began to think more about what his mother had told him, than he did about paying for a boat, especially as a dark cloud began to rise in the east, and the sea appeared very much troubled. The crew grew larger and larger every moment.

EDDY:

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white spray sometimes broke over the bow of the boat. They were a great distance from the land, and knew they could not reach it. Besides the wind was so strong that the boat's gunwale occasionally came to the water's edge. The boys then thought it would be better to take in the sails. But they did not know how to do it; and it took them some time to take in the flowing cloth and secure it. But just as Philip was tying up the gib, a flash of lightning dazzled his eyes, and he fell into the water. He called aloud on Malcolm to save him; but the gale was so strong that the boat was carried directly away from the spot. Malcolm stretched out his hands towards his perishing companion, and screamed aloud; but there was no vessel near to save Philip; and Malcolm, while driven before the blast in the unmanageable boat, heard the cries of Philip growing fainter and fainter, until he could no longer distinguish his voice from the roar of the elements. Night now set in, and the storm increased. The boat was tossed violently upon the waves, and Malcolm thought his end was approaching. He then thought of his por

save me ? I shall perish as I
fore me ; and my poor mother
what has become of me !'-

He then fell upon his knees
God to save his life, promising
got safe on shore, he would
things. -

At that moment, he saw
tance off. At first he thought
but as he drew nearer, he saw
something else. He could not
could be. At last, he perceived
was on the top of a tall lighthouse
much surprised at seeing it
of the sea. His anxious

At the storm, for he began to entertain some hope, as the boat drifted swiftly towards this singular structure. Before he reached the edifice, he began to cry out lustily for assistance.

He then saw two men standing on the top of the house, with ropes in their hands. Just as he came opposite to it, something thrashed across the boat. It was a rope which those men had thrown to him. He tied it around the mast, and the men actively drew the boat up to the side of the building.

‘Where am I?’ cried Malcolm, as soon as he was relieved from his perilous situation. ‘This is the Eddystone Lighthouse,’ said a rough voice, ‘and you are safe inside of it.’

Malcolm then fell on his knees and thanked God for his deliverance, with eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude. On the next morning, he was put ashore in a boat. As he sprang upon the land, he saw a woman with her hair dishevelled, her clothes half put on, and her eyes rolling with terror, running about the beach, wringing her hands, and crying out

‘Oh! my poor boy! my poor boy! my boy is drowned, and I never shall see him more!’

Oh! would that I had died before I had lost the child of my youth—the hope of my age!

Malcolm ran towards her, and saw that it was indeed his own mother. He flung himself into her arms, exclaiming, ‘No dear mother, God has spared my life. How much have I grieved such a kind and good parent,’ as you have always been to me! But there is an end to that—you shall never more have cause to lament over the errors of your repentant boy!’ She pressed him to her heart, and wept like a child. Malcolm sustained her fainting steps, and led her home. From that hour, Malcolm was transformed to a dutiful and loving son, an attentive scholar, and conscientious young christian.

ELLEN GRAY.

I never saw a sweeter child /
Than little Ellen Gray,
She was as gay as any bird,
At school, at work or play.

Gentle and tender was her heart,
She wished no creature ill;
She would not crush a worm for worlds,
Or a poor spider kill.

The brilliant light of happy health,
Shone in her eye of jet,
And on her round and ruddy cheek,
Its rosy seal was set.

Though light as fairies was her step,
I knew when she was nigh,
For like the carol of a bird
Her voice went singing by.

Oh! she was lovely as a rose
Just opening to the day,
But roses droop, and flowers fade,
And fair things pass away.

One day I saw her at the gate,

ELLEN GRAY.

I very seldom saw her weep,
And this awoke my fears.

‘Ellen, my love, the bell has rung,
Why do you tarry here?
You never made me wait before!
Where is your bonnet dear?’

‘Our little Ned is very ill;’
She answered with a sigh,
‘He has the scarlet fever caught,
We fear that he will die.’

‘I sat beside the nursery door,
I could not go and play,
Or run about upon the green,
Or go to school to day.’

They will not let me see him now
I only sit and cry,
Oh! it is very sad to think
The baby dear must die!’

These long days I miss
The cottage door

Upon her little couch she lay,
And uttered no complaint.

The dark curls rested on a brow,
Like to the lilly fair,
A hectic hue burnt on her cheek,—
The fever fire was there.

‘Mother,’ she said, ‘oh, look not thus,
With such a sorrowing eye!
The Saviour little children loves,
I do not fear to die.

‘In heaven where holy angels dwell,
Dear father waits for me ;
We shall be always happy there
And Edward I shall see.

‘Tis sad to leave you all alone,
I know not what to do ;
If God was willing, mother dear,
I still would stay with you.

‘It will be but a little while,
And you to heaven will come ;
If you are very lonely here,
Pray God to take you home.’

She spake no more, but fell asleep
Relieved from every pain ;

And bright birds come to
And make their music there.

The simple tombstone only says,
'Tread lightly o'er this clay,
For here two lovely children sleep
Edward and Ellen Gray.'

LOST IN THE WOODS.

I will tell you an adventure which happened to Charles Graham, a young acquaintance of mine. Now Charles was a very good boy, he always obeyed his parents, learned his lessons, and never came late to school. His father was a farmer, and Charles did all he could to help him; he fed the pigs, took care of the poultry and drove the cows to pasture, besides having a good deal of time to amuse and take care of his little sister Anne, who he loved very much. Charles never teased and plagued his sister as boys sometimes do, he would not have made her cry for any thing, but tried to teach her something and keep her out of mischief.

One day Mrs. Graham wished to send a letter to her brother who resided about the distance of a mile from their farm. It happened there was no school, so she told her son he might take it, and spend the day at his uncle's. He was delighted with the opportunity, and set off with a happy heart, in the forenoon of

bright midsummer day. He was obliged to cross a large piece of woods on the way ; it being quite warm the coolness and shade made it very pleasant. As he went slowly along, watching the birds as they flew from bough to bough, making the woods melodious with their songs ; and thinking how beautiful God had made the world and all the happy creatures he saw around—for he had been taught to think of these things ;—he espied a splendid golden oricle : part of its head and wings were black and its body of a most brilliant gold-colour : he was so surprised and delighted with its beauty and the sweetness of its notes, that entirely forgetting his errand he followed it far away from the path. At last he came to a lovely river and seated himself upon the bank to admire the landscape. The lively squirrel was skipping about with its little bright eyes fixed on him, ready to dart off at a moment's warning if he should but stir ; a strange horse was regaling himself with the green grass, the fish were sporting about in the stream, and the bees flying from flower to flower. Not a wave or ripple crossed the bosom of the river which

both as glass before him, in some parts shad-
to silver by the high o'er-hanging trees, and
others shining like beaten gold in the sun-
light. For a long time he amused himself throw-
ing stones into its still depths, watching the
rings they made, growing larger and larger,
till they reached from shore to shore. Charles
read a good many books and was very fond of
poetry, so taking a piece of paper and pen-
from his pocket, he thought he would try to
write some; here it is, you can see how you
like it.

With the Bee I'd like to wander,
Sweets from every flower to take,
But the Bees must not be idle,
In their lives they honey make.

With the Horse I'd like to gambol,
On the smooth and shining green;
But the horse cannot be idle,
He must draw his master's team.

Or with birds through air sailing,
On the top of trees to rest;
But the birds cannot be idle,
Every one must build their nests.

With the squirrel I would scamper,
Far from every roguish knave;
But the squirrel is not idle,
He must stores for winter save.

Then if all these lively creatures,
Ever something find to do;
Little boys should not be idle,
They must be industrious too.

Having finished this, when putting it in his pocket he felt his uncle's letter, and in a moment thought how wrong it was to have been so careless and forgetful; but the best of children are likely to do wrong, and they must be very careful and try to consider to what their actions will lead. He now thought to go directly to the road, but wandered about a long time without success, and again found himself by the same river, though in a different place. The sun was now setting, and touched the tops of the tall pines with his farewell beams, making their slender branches appear like paints of fire. The long summer twilight succeeded, and faded to evening's shade. The countless stars came out host after host glittering with unrivalled brilliance in the moonless sky.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

Charles was there, and being very tired to look round for a sleeping place. He cared much about passing a night in the woods on his own account, for he had never been told the stories of ghosts and robbers, which silly children are in the habit of telling, he was too brave a boy to be afraid of a squirrel or a mouse, but he knew his parents would be alarmed and was very sorry to give them any anxiety. Thinking he might take a nap on the damp ground, he climbed a tree.

'Well,' thought he 'the Swiss family, my father and mother, were obliged to sleep in a higher tree than this, and Robinson Crusoe was a great deal worse off than I am; if I should ever be cast away on a desert island I should know what to do for a bed. Thus trying to be comforted with his situation, and committing himself to God by a short prayer to the care of his Heavenly Father, the little philosopher fell fast asleep. He was soon dreaming wonderfully; and as children generally take their hue from some one they have lately said or done, he imagined

green sides of the mountain—
ice—his feet slipped, and he went
top to bottom, when he awoke
night air was cold, and that his
his position a very little which
of falling. Again he slept, and
ing Crusoe-like over a vast ex
he was dressed in the skins of
had been slain by the prowess
as he started back in horror
savage foot, the belt of his und
ed most unmercifully tight.

There he lay, his head strained, and

LOST IN THE WOODS.

2. He put his hands to his ears and tried to run away, but could not stir from the spot. This time it was not all imagination. Opening his eyes the light of lanterns was seen among the trees and people were running about and shouting, 'Charles, Charles, where are you?' It was his father and some neighbors who had joined in the search. They made them acquainted with his situation. He joyfully received and led home to his mother; and often afterwards delighted Anne with the story of the night in the woods.



The Flower-Garden.

FLORA M'ILVANE.

little girl whose name stands at the head of this piece, was the daughter of wealthy parents. Her father had acquired a large fortune speculating in the stocks, and had retired from business to spend his days in the pleasant retirement of the country. Her mother, who was still young, was considered one of the most beautiful women in the part of the country to which she belonged. Under the tuition of her able mother, Flora had laid in a stock of valuable information, such as seldom falls to the lot of young misses only ten years of age. Mrs. Milvane was a lady who had not inherited much of this world's goods, but her husband had discovered in her a mind fraught with many of the excellencies which adorn the female character; an excellent and highly cultivated understanding, together with virtue that never relaxed; and as constant attention to business from her youth had not allowed him sufficient time to bestow the needful culture on his own mind.

he gave up the education of his daughter principally to his lady. This was not an uncalculation; for Flora's mother delighted to nourish the tender plant, and to look upon the unfolding graces of her artless spirit. M'Ilvane had been brought up a Calvinist; after arriving to years of maturity, she thought sufficiently on the subject of God's salvation to become sensible of her error; long before she married, had been a worshipper of the Saviour of all men. The consequence was, that she looked with an eye of kindness upon all her fellow creatures, and hated nobody. She taught little Flora that possession of wealth gave her no right to look down with an eye of scorn upon those who had been less fortunate; but that it was her duty to heal their sorrows, and to be grateful to the great Being who had provided her with a happier home. Little Flora was not one of the children who only listen to their instructors to a tiresome story; but she took pleasure in hearing all that her mother said to her, and was glad to learn something new every day.

family was of a good size and ornamented with piazzas. As it was built on a gentle eminence, the prospect from the piazzas was very extensive; although on one side a thick wood, within a mile of the house, shut out the prospect in that direction. The meadows and pasture grounds looked green in summer, as they were well taken care of, and the orchards were full of rich fruit. Several tall pines stood near the end of the house, through which the wind roared in winter, and rendered the comfort of a warm fireside still more pleasing—although that pleasure was often mingled, in the mind of Flora, with the reflection, that some were exposed to all the deprivations of poverty, and she pitied the houseless children of want from the bottom of her heart. There was a splendid garden adjoining the house; and little Flora spent much of her time in watering the flowers, and doing many other little pieces of work calculated to improve the appearance of the bushes and walks.

When her mother told her that God made the beautiful roses, pinks, snowballs, lilacs, and pionies, as well as the more substanti

- produce of the earth, she felt deep gratitude to Him who has not only provided all those things for man that are necessary to his support, but also every thing that can please the eye, and gratify the scent with their beauty and delightful perfumes.

Flora was once wandering over her father's grounds, when she was startled by the sound of pitiful moanings which seemed to proceed from a distressed dog. As her heart was always alive to misfortune in the meanest of God's creatures, she eagerly sought out the suffering animal, and upon going to a deep hollow, the bottom of which was full of soft clay, she saw a middle-sized dog struggling to get out, and moaning and whining most piteously. As there was some blood on his neck, she had no doubt that he had been abused by some bad boys, whom she saw pass that way a little before, hallooing, and plundering birds' nests, when they had better have been at school. Flora looked around for one of her father's workmen in order to request him to pull the dog out of the miry pit, but there was not one of them to be seen, excepting an old black man named

so was pruning an orchard, and was in the
of a large tree ; so that she did not like to
him down. She considered awhile, and at
length determined to undertake the task of
ring the animal herself ; for she was certain
would perish if he remained there much
ger. She therefore took a long stick, and
ascending down the sides of the pit, until she
ched the part that was miry, she put forth
stick and lifted the breast of the animal so
h that he was enabled to leap along by de-
ces, until he came within her reach ; when
stretched out her hand and drew him from
perilous condition. He was covered with
y and appeared very uneasy ; but Flora
w him towards a brook and washed him
fectly clean. She discovered that the
ond in his neck was not dangerous, although
led considerably. After he had been cleans-
the dog run off home to his owner, and
ra went on her way. After this circum-
nce, Flora frequently saw the dog, and he
ld always wag his tail and lick her hands
atitude for the favor she had done him
happened. sometime afterwards when

little girl had nearly forgotten that she conferred on this dog, she gave him some flowers which grew in part on the margin of a deep brook.— When she saw the flowers, Flora became interested in several small fishes that swam in the brook. She gazed so intently that her head became dizzy ; at length, all of a sudden, and before she had time to get up herself, she fell sideways into the water. She screamed out, for the water was so deep that she could not touch the bottom, and there was no one who heard her, and she was in imminent danger of drowning. She was not thinking, as she was borne down, of all the kind friends who would leave, and of the distress of her mother, if she should be drowned, which was very probable ; but just at that moment a great splash in the water near her attracted her attention, and she saw that in the moment she was seized by the collar, and carried to the shore, and laid safely on the grass. She then looked around to see who had helped her, and there stood the dog.

and wagging his tail with pleasure at the which he had just performed. Thus was and act which Flora had performed for the when she drew him out of the miry pit, led by the grateful animal in saving her a watery grave.—Flora did not save the the dog in order to get a reward. She ht of nothing when she did the generous ut of relieving the pain of her own heart ing the poor creature in distress; but a d came in a moment when she did not t it.

one warm afternoon in summer, Flora tting in the door and saw an old man ing along towards the house. He had a i in one hand and a cane in the other. ng gray locks floated behind him on the e. She soon perceived that he looked oor. His coat was completely worn out. oes were so bad that they would scarcely n on his feet, although they were tied strings to keep them together. His hat gged, and he bent nearly double. Flora that he must be a very old man; an s seemed to proclaim that he was

stood on a high mountain gazing upon a broad spread and beautiful country, which lay uninhabited by man, at his feet. He was about to descend, but felt a sensation of chillness: the green sides of the mountain had changed to ice—his feet slipped, and he was rolling from top to bottom, when he awoke and found the night air was cold, and that he had changed his position a very little which caused the idea of falling. Again he slept, and was now strolling Crusoe-like over a vast extent of woods; he was dressed in the skins of animals which had been slain by the prowess of his arm, and as he started back in horror at the print of a savage foot, the belt of his uncouth dress seemed most unmercifully tight. Now on awaking the handkerchief strained very hard as he stirred. 'Well,' he thought 'it is not so very pleasant to sleep in a tree after all,' but drowsiness soon had him back to the land of shadows, and he was upon the village green, looking at a company of soldiers as they went through their evolutions. Soon the fife played, and the drums beat, but so loud they almost stunned him: he thought he had never heard such a noise

. He put his hands to his ears and would
e run away, but could not stir from the spot.
s time it was not all imagination : on open-
his eyes the light of lanterns was glancing
ong the trees and people were ringing a bell
shouting, ' Charles, Charles,' where are
' ?' It was his father and some of the neigh-
; who had joined in the search. He soon
le them acquainted with his situation, was
ully received and led home to his anxious
her ; and often afterwards delighted little
e with the story of the night in the woods.

and happiness, but as I said
some haste, and must be going

'Good bye, sir'; said Flora
stranger departed on his way.

As soon as he was gone, Fl
to take it upon herself to pay
pense of little William's tuiti
thought must be too burthenso
man, who was evidently very p
immediately to her mother, a
that the old man had said to h
to his grandson, and then said

'Therefore, dear mother,
could not be put to a better
the old man is very old and
ed to ask you whether you
give me the money which y
out for a handsome present
that I may pay one quarter
poor boy. I can do witho
the poor lad cannot do an
cation; and only think v
yet be to his old gran
satisfied for some good

and replied,—‘ Yes, my little dear, you shall have the money and shall go to the school and transact the whole of the business yourself. You shall have the pleasure of paying the money into the hands of the principal; but you shall have your present too. You have proved yourself to be worthy of it, and I will not fail to purchase it for you; but why do I detain you? Here is the money. This is truly a proper and commendable charity because it is to be applied to a useful purpose.’

Flora immediately put on her bonnet, and tripped over to the school, which was about half a mile from her father's house. The building in which the school was kept, was a large house, with two wings to it. One wing was appropriated for a boy's school, and the other for the girls. The body of the building contained the lodging rooms, dining rooms, trunk, and sitting rooms. One room was occupied by the nurse. There was a large enclosure surrounding the building that was called ‘*The Bounds*.’ No scholar was permitted to pass yond this enclosure, without leave from the teachers.

these bounds, she opened
ugh into the play-grounds,
boys, amounting to about
selves with various games
at; others were at the
oped three large holes in
stances, and were rolling
o were flying a large kite
thers were building little
roasted apples, while oth-
nselves small houses, in-
ed their friends with all
ion. Flora passed along,
nd just as she reached it,

The boys left their play
ouse. Flora inquired for
as invited to the sitting
saluted by a tall, graver
her by the hand, and in
ness was with him. Flora
n if there was a little boy
ame of William Reeves
ied the principal, 'and
'Are you his sister?'

How!

'My

'What

'Name?'

'Yes, sir

'Well,

'ample to

'principal.

'he shall

'kindness

'father.

'after they have

'him.'

'Flora said

'and

FLORA M'ILVANE.

at I happened to fall in with
her, and learned from him
him to pay his expenses
ther for the purpose of a
charge. Here is the man
principal looked at Flora
admiration, and then said:
you, my little dear, that
so early to administer char-
acters?'
ame is Flora M'Ilvane, sir.'
! the daughter of Mr. Jan

;' replied she.

ell, you are surely setting
the children of the rich:'

You shall see this little
thank you with his own
which you have done him

The children are now at
ave finished their meal,

and waited a little w

she heard the boys coming up from dinner, and again engaging in their games. The principal then took Flora by the hand, and led her out into the play grounds. She saw the lad engaged in a variety of amusements ; and Flora and the principal passed on through many a group, but still William was not pointed out to her.

‘Is he not here?’ said Flora.

‘No, my dear, you will not find him here,’ said he, ‘we must still go on a little farther.’

At length they had nearly reached the farthest extremity of the bounds, and then the principal stopped, and said ;

‘Do you see yon boy seated all alone by the side of a large rock, with a book in his hand? That is little Reeves. He does not spend much time in play. He devotes all his time to study.’

‘That is singular,’ said Flora, ‘I should think that play was not only healthful but necessary for young scholars.’

By this time they had reached the spot where the industrious boy was seated. He looked

with surprise as Flora and the principal approached him.



‘You seem to be very industrious, little boy,’ said Flora. ‘Do you not find it wearisome to study all the time, instead of amusing yourself, once in in a while, at play with the other boys.’

‘It will not answer for a poor boy like me to spend my time in play,’ replied little William.

‘My poor old grandfather is obliged to labor very hard to give me an education; and if I were not to make use of every moment to improve, I should think myself one of the most grateful beings in existence.’

‘Well, my good boy,’ said the principal; ‘you need not give yourself any more uneasiness.’

that score, for this little girl, *whose* Flora M'Ilvane, has come over to clear up your bill for one quarter, and then your grandfather will be relieved from the weight of it.'

'Did I understand you right, sir?' cried William, starting up, and looking at Flora with amazement. 'Did this little girl pay my bill, and will my poor old grandfather have no money to buy himself some warm clothes next winter? Why, what sort of a fellow are you be! You are certainly better than most little girls, and your father and mother are a great deal better than other folks.' The little William thanked Flora in such grateful terms as made the tears come into his eyes.

'Not only this will I do,' said Flora, 'but since I have found you so industrious and considerate, and so grateful, I wish you to take the earliest opportunity to come and visit our house, and we will see if we cannot give you some presents that will be acceptable.'

Just as Flora was turning to go away, a grey dog came running up to William, and wag his tail, and lick his hand.

at, the dog turned from the little boy, and coming to Flora, showed the same joy at seeing her.

'My dog seems to know how kind you are,' said William, 'see, he is thanking you too.'

'Is this your dog?' said Flora, 'I have seen him before. He saved my life once by dragging me out of the brook.'

'And is it you,' said William, 'who pulled the dog out of the clay-pit, the other day, when the cruel boys had tried to kill him?'

Flora smiled, and little William then knew that she was the girl who had preserved the life of his Jewel.

Flora then went home, and told her mother the whole account of her visit, who was very well pleased with what she had done, and said she should like very much to see this little William Reeves.

William came to the house, in the course of a week, and was very cordially welcomed by the whole family. They were pleased with his appearance and conversation, and Mr. M'Ilvane presented him with a handsome suit of clothes. William did not break off so. He f

acquired a good education in a very
and was well fitted for almost any bu

Mr. M'Ilvane and his family lived
years longer in the country, when he
grow tired of his seclusion, and rem
distant town, where he once more pl
business. His former good fortune
attend him. He made some very ba
tions, and in a few years he was a ru
Now Flora and her mother had to tas
terness of poverty ; a fate for which
mer splendid condition but ill qualif
Mr. M'Ilvane was reduced to such a

of nineteen; but she was no longer able to do acts of charity for other people. She was compelled to labor at the spinning wheel, while her mother took in fine sewing. To this condition was the affluent family now reduced: and although they did not murmur at the dispensations of Providence, yet they could not avoid being alive to the scorn of the unprincipled—the triumphs of the envious, and the ingratitude of those whom they had befriended in their prosperity.

At length, their condition became still worse. It was a bad year for crops, and Mr. M'Ilvane's small farm had suffered with the rest. He told his wife and daughter that he was almost discouraged. His rent had become due, and he was unable to pay it.

'Two-morrow,' said he, 'my landlord will be here to demand the rent, and I know not what I shall say to him.'

The morning came, and with it came the landlord. He was a rough, hard, and unfeeling man, and he was glad to see Mr. M'Ilvane reduced to poverty, because he was once rich.

him still more. Mr. M'Ilvane, *his wife, and* Flora were seated at the breakfast *table when* the landlord entered.

'Well,' said he, 'I have come for my rent, and presume that you are able to pay me.'

'Alas!' said Mr. M'Ilvane, 'our crops have been all cut off this year, and I fear I shall not be able to make up the sum; but if you can wait a little while'——

'Wait!' cried the surly landlord, 'I have waited till the end of the year, and that is long enough. If you do not pay me immediately, you must quit the premises.'

'But I have no where to go;' said Mr. M'Ilvane.

'As long as William Reeves has a home you will have somewhere to go!' cried a young gentleman who entered the house at that moment.

Flora looked, and could scarcely believe that in the gentlemanly and noble form before her, *she beheld the poor lad whom, nine years ago, she supported at the Boarding school.*

'Yes, Flora,' cried he, 'I am the same person *whose grandfather sold matches and apples*'

tain him and give him an education ;
 no, but for your generosity, would never
 een able to get through with his studies.
 enabled me to make my way in the world.
 been successful, and have amassed such
 nense fortune that I can place your fa-
 1 as prosperous a condition as he was
 I first knew him, without feeling the
 the money.'

landlord sneaked off quite crest fallen.
 n and Flora were immediately married.
 ther was restored to wealth and ease, and
 mer friends then hurried back to him to
 1 the rays of his bounty.



The Two Orphans.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

A wind was blowing in gusts across ; the tall trees bowed, and the cracked before the blast; the dark ed furiously across the sky, and ev- as hastening home to a comfortable order to enjoy the pleasures of home, approaching night should close in.

That Edward and Lucy were walk- in the wilderness without a guide or

Their feet were nearly bare, and ly clothes were hardly thick enough ut the bleak wind which howled m. They stopped occasionally and iously around them as if in search of or other shelter, and then went for- as fast as their little legs, would

Edward, who was the eldest of ildren, thus spoke to his little tired

icy, we have walked a great ways
ve seen nothing of the sea yet; b

‘Yes, indeed,’ said little Lucy, ‘to the sea, we shall find him and to go home with us, for he does not mother is dead.’

‘Then let us hurry on,’ said Edw will keep us warm to walk fast, as is cold, and our feet are bare. You and hungry, Lucy, but here is a pie left. Take it and eat it.’

‘Oh, no; I can do without. You eat it yourself,’ said Lucy, ‘for you got the last piece, and when it is all gone you have to eat?’

~~They~~ de the other to taste the
remaining piece of bread they had, while
were very hungry, and stood in great wait
it. They had wandered on foot and a
in the cold month of November, in order
reach the sea; for their poor mother, who
been dead about a month, had told them
their father had been at sea a great while,
hey imagined that if they could get to the
er, they would find their father, who would
take care of them, and comfort them for
the loss of their mother.

When they started from their cottage.

em: and now their last morsel of bread. They walked forward over the leaves, and down the hills, and over the rocks, until they could go no farther; and the night began to set in, when they looked around for a place to sleep, and were so fortunate as to discover a farm-house, just as they had made their minds to sleep once more in the open air. Now the man who owned this farm-house was a rich old fellow, and he had made much money by cheating people, and taking advantage of their ignorance. He would send off his produce to market to be sold: but he would be careful to get twice as much for it as it was worth, by making folks believe that it was much better than it really was; which is very wrong: but you should always tell the truth about everything, and then people will believe you. Wherefore, if you lay up money by fraud and deceit, it will not be enjoyed with a clear conscience. This rich man's name was Jennings, and he did not enjoy the wealth he had laid up, but was sour and peevish, and cross, because he had a guilty conscience, which gave him no peace. Edward and Lucy trudged up to the door.

an's door, completely worn out, and humbly tapped upon it. They did not wrap loud at first, and nobody heard them, for the rich man's daughters were frolicking within, and made such a noise, that one must knock very loud to be heard. So they waited a great while, and nobody came to the door, and then little Lucy came very much alarmed; for the wind whistled amongst the trees, and her little feet were red with the cold, and her teeth chattered on her head. Then Edward was about knocking again, when a servant happened to go into the house, and she asked the little orphans what they were doing on her master's steps. Edward answered that they were travelling, and that the night had overtaken them, and they wanted to find a place to sleep until morning. The servant answered and said:

‘Do you think that my master keeps a tavern? Do you think he wants such good for nothing, ragged brats as you are, prowling about his premises? You had better go about your business. Be off, or I will come after you with a broomstick, you worthless vagabonds!’
The little children wept and turned

and the servant went into the house to grow fat on the good things in her mastery.

Then Edward said to Lucy, 'Ah, si will freeze if you stay out of doors and you are not able to walk. So, barn looks comfortable and full of hay there is no harm in going into the barn. We can sleep on the hay and keep warm in the morning.'

So they went to the rich man's barn, opened the door, and saw that there was a large bundle of hay on the floor, and they lay down in each other's arms, and slept peacefully until morning. But before they slept, they thanked God for his mercy in providing them with a place to sleep. Then they talked about their poor mother who was dead and gone, and prayed to God that he might be able to find their father. When they should set out again in the morning, they kissed each other, and fell peacefully to sleep.

When they awoke in the morning, the fog was very thick in the horizon.

illy ; but as they felt much refreshed slumber, they determined to com-
r journey immediately, although they
g to eat. It is true there were some
n in the barn, and some hen's nests,
ad been taught by their mother that
ed to take what did not belong to
they only looked wishfully at the
eggs and sallied out without a crumb
ng to eat, to renew their toilsome
s. But just as they came out of the
Mr. Jennings, who was walking over
s, caught sight of them. He came
to the little orphans, with his cane
l, and they were much frightened, as
rge man, and they were little chil-
soon as he got near enough, he
ward on the back with his cane, and
what they were doing in his barn.
e travelling to the sea : ' said Ed-
mother is dead, and our father is
; and we thought that if we could
sea, we should find our father !

ty story, indeed ! ' cried the wicked
o you thought you would stop into

my barn, and rob the hen's roost, I say. You can't expect to deceive me. Come into the house with you.'

So he seized little Edward with one hand and Lucy by the other, and began lugging them towards the house. He held so hard that he hurt their little tender arms very much. Lucy cried bitterly. But Jennings did not care for that, for he knew that they were poor forsaken orphans; and had no one to stand up for them. As soon as he opened the door, and begun carrying them in, the farmer's daughter, whose name was Julia, came running out of the room, and cried, 'Have you got them at last, pa? Have you got some of those children who rob the hen-roosts? Bring them in, and let us see how they look. I say you will whip them, pa.—Oh, how I wish to see you whip them, for I never saw any one whipped in my life?'

'Yes, pa, do whip them and shut them up twenty-four hours, without victuals,' cried Sally, the next daughter, who, as she had every thing she needed her mother to be comfortable, had no feeling

children, said : 'So, you have

Then she took hold of little Lucy and
pressed her as hard as she could, until her
locks of hair were scattered all over
and the blood came into her cheeks.

Then she said, 'you little miserable
things, you shall now be whipped ; for
better that you should be mauled half
than to grow up in wickedness and be
everlasting hell-fire when you die !'

Then she took down the cow skin
and laid it to her husband, and told him to
beat them, for that she was not stro

test of the family. She had her uncle who was a good man, and her mother that God was the kind Father of the family, and that we ought to be good to each other. But Mrs. Jennings scolded so hard for interfering, and insisted that the children should be severely whipped. When the two daughters joined with her, it made a great outcry because of the poor children. But Mr. Jennings did not like it. She was his favorite daughter, and she was not at all like him, yet she was the pride of the family. He consented that the little orphans should be shut up in a dark chamber for ten days without food and drink, and to be left alone and hungry away.

Now Betsey did not believe that Lucy had been guilty of any crime, and she believed the story which they told her. Her heart bled for their solitary condition. She had proposed to shut them up, in order that they might be kept by Joseph's relenting brother, 'in his hands.' So they were

et and put into an unfurnished room, and door was locked upon them. Pretty soon, Jennings went out to superintend the work was going forward on his farm, and his wife and two eldest daughters drove off to the neighboring village. When they were all gone, Betsey took the key, and went up stairs to let out two orphan prisoners. They were very glad, as soon as they saw Betsey, for they knew she was their friend. When she told them their errand, they wept for joy, for they were cold and hungry; and Lucy put up her lips and kissed the good young lady. The tears trickled down Betsey's cheeks, for she was much affected by their unaffected gratitude and artless confidence. Betsey brought them down stairs and took them into the parlour and set them before a good warm fire. She went to the closet, and got some little cakes, which she gave them to eat, and as they were very thirsty, she also made the servants bring a pitcher of water. After they had told her their whole story, she did not know what to say. She did not want to allow them to go and walk so far, but she knew if

came to a public house, and went in to wait on themselves. 'O

There was a very well dressed gentleman and the there, who seemed to be in a great hurry at that hire a horse and chaise, as he said he wanted 'Do to get home to his family, who lived about five and he, miles off, and whom he had not seen in a great long while. As he had a plenty of money, the tax this fi ern keeper flew around briskly, and soon had that she carriage ready for the gentleman. But what tions the gentleman was stepping into the chaise, lady.' caught sight of the two children, and said 'So hem where they were going, and who would ere.

They answered— ' Our mother is dead; we are going to

Our names are Edward and Lucy Stamford.

Merciful Providence!' cried he, 'you are children. I am your father. Alas! is my wife dead? I have been to India, and have lost my fortune, and now my poor wife is not able to enjoy it.'

So he took the two children into the chaise with him, and drove off about six miles, when he drove up to the house of Jennings.

Oh! father; do n't stop here,' said they: then they told him how they had been treated at that house.

Don't be afraid, my poor, dear children,' said he, 'this Jennings is your mother's brother. He forged the will which gave him possession of his farm. His father left it to my mother; she was allowed to suffer all manner of privations while this wretch has enjoyed her property.'

So Mr. Stamford went into the house, and told Jennings that he was found out. Jennings was very much alarmed; he fell on his knees and begged Mr. Stamford not to expose him. Edward and Lucy implored their father to spare

• Betsey kissed her little cou
away with their father to
plenty in his domicil. Jenr
covered from his shame and c
enjoyed the friendship of hi

HYMN TO REPEAT ON GOING TO REST.

Now, O Lord! mine eyes I close,
 Now my weary limbs repose;
 Seeking rest in slumber deep,
 Wilt thou watch me while I sleep?

Happy thoughts around my bed
 Now their sweetest influence shed,
 For thy love has blessed me here
 With kind friends and parents dear.

All my wants are soon supplied,
 Nothing for my good denied;
 And beside all this, I share
 Brother's love, and sister's care.

For so many blessings given,
 May I raise my heart to heaven;
 Love thee still—thy will obey—
 And from virtue never stray.



OUR SAVIOR.

EVERY thing connected with our blessed Redeemer, is interesting. His name must be precious to every little child, from a consideration of the circumstance of his taking little children in his arms and blessing them. Yes, the Savior of the world was not unmindful of children. Mothers, who loved their babes, brought them to the Lord; but when the disciples saw this, they forbade their doing so; but he said--'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Do children realize that Jesus loves them? That he died for them? And do they reflect that it is their duty to love the Savior? He has manifested his care for all little children, by pronouncing a blessing upon them, and by including them in his promise of grace, and also by acknowledging that they are members of his kingdom. And now children, you must love the Savior. You must keep his commands

ments, for he loves you, and all his gifts and mercies are designed to make you happy. When you go to bed at night—when you wake in the morning—when you go to school—when you go out to play—when you eat the food which God has enabled his angels to provide for you, remember that Christ loves you, has blessed you, and will provide for you. Read his promises, and commit them to memory; and when you come to man's estate, you will be able to give a full reflection, that when young, you were the favored child of the Savior of the world.

When children become acquainted with the Father who loves them, and who makes them happy, they not only love the Father, but they wish to know all they can of him. They want to know who his Father was, and where he resided. I have told you of the affection of Jesus Christ for the children. Now I will tell you of the Father who his parents were, and when he was a child, and until he came into the world, *in the gospel*, and working out his Father's will. *His father was God. A*

d, as Adam was, who was formed by the diate power of Jehovah. The earthly parents of Jesus were named Joseph and Mary. They lived in a place called Nazareth. But when the Roman Emperor taxed the whole country, Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem, the city of David, a town about seven miles from Jerusalem, to comply with the command of their Governor; and while they were at Bethlehem, Jesus was born. His parents were

And because of their poverty, they were obliged to sleep in a barn, and when the infant Jesus was born, they had to lay him in a manger where the oxen eat, because they had no room. While here, the shepherds, and the wise men from the east came and worshipped him, and then went home and reported what they had seen, and told how they had worshipped the King of the Jews. Soon after this, the parents returned to Nazareth, and here he grew up with his father, until he was a full grown man, working as a carpenter with his father. This picture, at the commencement of these remarks, is a representation of Nazareth, the town where our Lord resided. It is represented

When twelve years old, he went with parents up to Jerusalem, to comply with requirements of the law of Moses. And there, he conversed with the doctors of the law and asked and answered them questions and answered them questions which Nazareth was a place, concerning which prejudices existed. And when Jesus forth as a preacher, the enquiry was—good thing thing come out of Nazareth who became acquainted with the Scribes convinced that good men may live where there are many wicked or being corrupted by their bad example little children, learn to imitate the



OUR SAVIOR.

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**id obey your parents ; love and serve the
ord your God, and always associate with those
ho are good.**

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father in Heaven! wilt thou condescend,
To listen now to childhood's humble prayer?
My faults forgive, my wandering steps attend,
And make me thankful for thy watchful care.
Wilt thou a little child's petition hear,
And bless my father and my mother dear?

Thou hast made all things for our comfort here,
And all to thee with grateful hearts should come
And when our days are o'er, and death is near,
Wilt thou receive us all in heaven thy home.
Father! wilt thou a child's petition hear,
And bless my brothers and my sisters dear?

THE BENIGHTED SPORTSMAN.

ANDREW Walker was a lad who had the advantage of wealthy relatives, who granted him all those indulgences which the children of the rich naturally inherit. He owned a little gilded boat in which he often sailed down the river as far as the wide ocean, and he had also a horse which he rode whenever he pleased. But Andrew was not ungrateful for all these favors. He was not bolstered up with pride, but was kind to those who were less fortunate than himself, and this acquired him the esteem of all who knew him. But when winter came, the river was frozen up, so that he could not sail in his little boat, and it was too cold to ride on horseback. He, therefore, wanted some more stirring amusement, and concluded to get a gun and go into the woods to shoot such game as could there be found. His father very willingly procured him a fine gun and all the necessary apparatus.

Now Andrew's birth-day drew nigh, and he had invited a number of his young acquaintances.

ces to call and see him. He had made many preparations. There were to be plays and amusements of various kinds, and feasting and rambles. He had gone to considerable expense to get every thing ready for his young visitors. But on the evening before they were expected Andrew was missing. No one knew where he was. His supper was kept warm for him, but his cakes grew cold on the hearth. His father sat up all night, but Andrew did not come. In the morning, a peasant said that he saw the youth go by his door in the afternoon, toward the woods, with a gun in his hand. It was therefore at once concluded, that Andrew had gone in quest of game, and that something had happened to him, as the night was very cold and he was never known to stay out so long before.

The utmost anxiety was now felt by all Andrew's friends, and they set out to go in search of him. The young folks soon arrived

on in search of the lost youth. They sometimes fancy that they heard him in the brake, but when they would turn to look, they would find that the sound had been occasioned by some impatient fox or young rabbit, and they would go on a distance further, when some other sound would draw their attention, and would prove to be a flock of partridges scratching amongst the dry leaves, thus were they continually disappointed; for the least trace of Andrew could be discovered, and they returned, discouraged and melancholy, to the house, at night, to report to Andrew's mother the appalling tidings that he was no where to be found.

We will satisfy the curiosity of our young reader by telling him the true story of Andrew's venture, which had occasioned his friends so much uneasiness.

Finding the time to pass away rather heavily the day previous to his birth-day, Andrew had taken his gun, shot pouch, and game bag, powder horn and hunting frock, and set off for a distance of three miles from his

The name of this wood was Black Swamp, because there was a gloomy swamp in the mid of it which had obtained that name. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when I set out. The air was cold, but the sky was clear, and Andrew was able to keep himself warm by walking briskly over the fields and meadows. He went forward very cheerful until he began to enter the wood. His admiration was here first excited by the very large size of some of the trees, which convinced him that it was an old wood, which had stood a great many years. While he was looking up at the mighty branches of several of the trees, a fox started up and ran before him at a short distance. Andrew immediately levelled his gun at the animal, but before he could fire, it was secure in its hole. He then began to penetrate the depths of the wood. The dry leaves rustled under his feet, but there was no other sound audible, and he enjoyed the perfect solitude of his situation. He continued advancing, as the wood grew thicker and darker at evening, he could not make progress with

high shot down very near to the earth, as well as the dry and tangled vines which were thickly woven amongst the trees. The wind began now to rise, and their branches creaked in the mad blast.

At length he caught sight of a large bird landing on the branch of a tree, and he raised his gun to fire. The bird seemed to hear a noise, for it spread its wings and flew off. When Andrew saw it was a duck, and he followed after it to mark the place where it should alight. He saw it fly over the tops of some of the tallest trees, and finally go down. He pursued on, and after scrambling over many bushes and rough rocks, he saw the duck standing on a old stump, and looking about in alarm. He crept down behind a clump of bushes, and took his aim. He fired, and the duck spread its wings and rose a short distance, but it was evidently wounded, and soon fell amongst a clump of trees. Andrew hurried forward to secure his prize. He attained to a situation from which he could not reach it without clambering amongst the bushes and brambles. He looked about, and then resolved to make the

tempt. He found it very difficult to force his way through the thick bushes and scraggy underwood, and after he had overcome the most of this difficulty, he found that the bird lay upon vines above his reach. He clambered up on the sharp point of a rock, in order to reach it. He found he should be obliged to reach a little forward in order to accomplish his purpose; but, in so doing, he lost his ballance and fell about four feet to the ground. The branch of a tree caught in his hunting shirt as he fell, and ripped his clothes completely open from top to bottom. He felt the cold air rush to his skin and hastened to tie his clothes around him. He succeeded so well in this that he determined not to give up his adventure until night. He succeeded, after several attempts, in getting his game, and thrust it into his bag. He then went on into the heart of the wood until he came to the swamp, on the shores of which he was enabled to shoot several birds.

At last, the short afternoon seemed to nearly spent, and Andrew set out in good spirits, with his game-bag well filled, to go

came out of it, into the open fields, he imagined that the place he was in did not look naturally. He could not remember of ever having passed that way before, and as the sun had gone down, and the bleak wind came in furious gusts, he could not avoid feeling some uneasiness. However, he journeyed on in the direction which he thought would carry him to his father's house, for a couple of hours, but found he had only gone astray; for no sight of human habitation greeted his eyes. His teeth chattered with the cold, and he looked anxiously round, hoping to catch a glimpse of some cottage in the distance. The night was extremely dark, and Andrew hoped to see the light in some cottage window. At last, to his great joy, he did catch sight of something twinkling at a distance like a lamp. He hastened towards it, but he could not always see it. It appeared to shift its position very often, which surprised him much, until he drew nigh, when receiving it move about, he concluded it was the person who had come in search of him, with a lantern. He followed on, and called, but the light did not stop; it continued

who he imagined carried the lantern upon him to stop and tell him where t a house. But Andrew soon found tha gained nothing by following after the l was a Jack o'lantern: and it led him swamp into which he soon sunk up to h He struggled with the icy mud fo time before he was able to gain the again, and the ice clung to his limbs dered them exceeding cold. He run in order to make himself comfortable. found that the farther he went, the r tangled he became in the mazes of th orchards, valleys, and rocky passes. I concluded he would stop and strike fir ing his gun, and collect a number of d and kindle them, in order to keep from freezing to death; for the r recollect that Andrew's clothes w torn that the cold air had free person. But while he was hurrying nearest wood, he saw a ruin near ~~the~~ large stone house which



Very during the Revolutionary war, who been obliged to flee and leave his home. ruins looked gloomy and dismal, and he not like to approach very near them; but as obliged to do so, as there was a steep on the other hand. While he was hurry-along, he heard a muttering amongst the , as of men talking. But as it was very , he knew that he could not be seen. Be- , he did not know but the men might be ons with whom he was acquainted and n he would be glad to see. He therefore ched near the walls, and listened to their urse. There appeared to be three men e whole. One of them said :

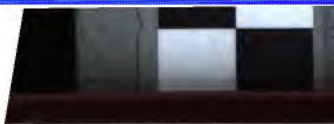
Vell, now is the time, for nobody will be ng on such a cold night as this, and we ug off a dozen sheep before morning, and dy will be the wiser for it.'

'ou are always in a hurry, Ben,' said ano-
'I tell you that I passed Mr. Walker's
about an hour ago, on my way hither,
the window. He

knew that we were going to make a descent on his sheepfolds to-night.'

Then Andrew knew that his poor father was sitting up and anxiously waiting for his arrival; and he determined to follow after these sheep-stealers when they should set out, in order that they might serve to conduct him to the place where the sheep were, when he knew he should be able to find the way home. He waited some time, and listened to their talk, almost frozen to death, when suddenly a screech owl, that had rested on a point of the old walls, gave a loud cry. The ruffians started, for the guilty consciences made them believe that so enemy was near them, and they rushed out the ruins. Andrew fled when he heard them coming; for he did not know what violence they might offer him, when they found that he had overheard their wicked deliberations. He ran towards a naked wood not far distant, and was so fortunate as to elude the sight of the men whom he feared. He wandered on for a great while, endeavouring to get some exercise, for he

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the light. He suffered a great deal while he was thus hiding himself in the wood. He was also concerned that his father should lose his sheep. At last, he concluded that the men had started on their wicked errand, and he then determined to build a fire. He accordingly gathered together a large pile of dry sticks, and set them on fire. The tall, spiry flame ascended, and Andrew piled on more fuel. He now found himself very comfortable, after wandering so long in the cold air and falling into bogs. He was about pulling off his stockings to dry them, when he heard footsteps approaching. The crackling over the leaves and dry twigs on the ground, left him no doubt that the sheep-stealers were coming towards the fire. He knew that he had been seen. But he also thought that, perhaps, the persons approaching were some of his friends who had come out to seek him.

One had a club in his hand, the second had a
long knife, and the third had a coil.
Then he knew they were the sheep
and determined not to go near them.
He watched their motions, and perceived
them looking out for him; for they had seen
the fire, and did not know where he was.
Before he had time to make up his mind
what way to go, they set out in pursuit of him.
When he perceived that they were coming
towards the spot where he was. He ran
off, and ran with all his might. At last
he perceived that he had eluded them.

oldest trees, and they sometimes tell across path. He went forward until day-light; then, to his great joy, he perceived that he had, at length, gained the skirt of the wood. Also a small cottage was to be seen in the distance. Thither he bent his steps. He crawled, half dead, to the door of this humble cot. The man who occupied the cot lost not a moment in opening the door. He was not acquainted with Andrew's father, but he had heard of him. Andrew was soon made comfortable. He was told that he was now twenty miles from home. A waggon was got ready, and Andrew arrived at his father's house, a few moments after his young friends had returned from their unsuccessful search. Every one was rejoiced that the lost youth had safely returned home : and his birth-day was celebrated on that very evening with all reasonable mirth and pleasure.



Oh, Thou! who made the rolling
The river blue, the flowery lea,
The silver brook, the rippling rill,
The valley fair, and purple hill;
We would high our voices raise
In a grateful song of praise.

Oh, Thou! who made the stars so bright
The sun's warm beams, and moon's pale
For all the lovely things we see
Which beauty owe, and life to Thee;
We would high our voices raise
In a grateful song of praise.

THE LITTLE IDIOT.

Do my little readers know what an idiot is? If they do not, I will tell them. It is one who is foolish. Who does not know as much as people do, who can read and write. The little boy about whom I am now going to tell you, was a fool. He could neither read nor write. He could not talk as other boys do. All he could say was, 'Jock was a good boy.' If he was pleased with any thing, this was what he would say. If his mother was sick, or if she wanted him to come and assist her, he would say—'Jock was a good boy,' and run away to his fond mother. She loved him, though nobody else cared any thing about him.

His mother was a poor widow. She owned no house, but lived on the banks of the river Trent, in a little hut that had but one window in it, which she was permitted to inhabit by a good man who owned it. She obtained her living by knitting stockings. The only thing she had was her poor

stand what it was.

If she went out to gather a few
the fire burn, he was at her side.
children always love their parents.
mind them. Remember this child

If she was sick, he moaned
until she got well. And his so
powerful, that all would weep and
heard him.

In the winter of a certain year,
in with uncommon severity; the
the ground to a very great depth, and
est rivers were locked up with thick
The poor little birds absolutely
leafless sprays; and many a woe-
ter, lost amid the snow-wreaths
spot, died from the severe inclem-
weather. One day, the poor widow
tormented herself and idiot boy.

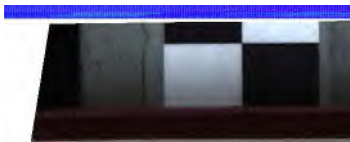


out ten miles from her lonely cot, to see the produce of her labors ; she left home, first of all making him understand where she was going, and how necessary for him to stay by the warm fire-side, and not to expose himself to the bitter cold biting winds. Poor Jock amused himself as well as he could by humming, in some way, about the solitary cottage, the long day, and cutting little pieces of wood of all manner of strange figures. Tiring, however, the poor boy who had not had a morsel of bread since his mother's death, from mere unwillingness to eat even without her taking a part also, began to feel very uneasy. He forgot to hum, and began to moan and wail about, as though lost her. At length, however, a dismal rain, and Jock could no longer bear the silence of home, and the unusual absence of his poor mother ; so without more ado he set out in search of her.

Through hedge, ditch, and row, on he went, in the direction which his mother took in the morning. It was quite dark ; snow began to

journey,
with cold; still more
affection, that kept this forlorn
all the horrors of that night.
he was floundering over head and
wreaths; at another, he was
hedges covered with snow, or
ditches, where it lay many feet
he went, moaning, and calling
mother,' as well as he could
could he hear or see.

After walking, it is supposed
he at last found out the
part where his mother's track
ended. Arrived there, I
consider, as well as he could
pursue, when a deep groan
by, caught his ear. 'Mother,
he, 'Jock's a good boy.'
sentence he could not
pression when he was
moan answered this
look through snow



At length he drew near the spot she lay almost lifeless. He caught her in his arms, pulled off his jacket, threw it over her shoulders, and took his own handkerchief from his neck, and put it round hers.

He extricated her from the ditch into which she had fallen in the dark, and in which she had wasted herself with fruitless efforts to get out, and he kissed and embraced her poor Jock, whilst he lay over her and patted her poor old face, and told her, 'Jock was a good boy.'

'Good, indeed,' said the poor widow, as she wept; 'and good is that divine Being, who has been my guardian and friend in this fearful hour, to lead my poor, poor idiot boy to the arms of his mother in her distress! How

can I be grateful enough to him? for he has been merciful indeed to me! In the dark hour of my life, he has been my Light, and in the depths of my sorrow, my Safeguard and Protector! And now be to thee, my poor darling boy, for, as thou art to the world, all thy love, thy affection, and thy feelings, are fully bestowed on me, thy poor, grateful, and loving

The rest is shortly told : the widow, reached her home, where a fire warmed them. A comfortable supper renewed their exhausted natures, and repose strengthened their weary bones.

Little children ; when you re-
pity poor Jock's affliction ; yet
your parents as he loved his poor
mother ; for this is well pleasing to

MOTHER AND CHILD.

• Mother! the stars are shining bright
In their far homes on high:
Who made these brilliant lamps of night,
And swung them in the sky?

Who made the round and silver moon
That moves along with grace,
And looks so placid and serene,
Mother, like your own face?

• My son! there is a Being great,
A God of truth and love,
Who made all things on earth below,
And in the heavens above.

From day to day, from night to night,
We need his constant care;
There's not a creature he hath made,
But doth his kindness share.

You know my dear, your parents try
To guard you from all ill,
And make you happy every day:
His love is greater still.

But he will ever be the same—
Your Father and your Friend.

‘ Dear mother ! often tell me this
And teach me how to pray,
That I may ne’er his love forget,
But thank him every day.’

‘ Oh ! very happy am I now
That this request you make,
And may you, ne’er, my darling be
This good resolve forsake.

That you may often think of God
And ne’er his kindness grieve,
A little prayer learn to repeat
At morning and at eve.’

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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~~JUN 30 1987~~

~~JUL 31 1987~~

~~AUG 31 1987~~

DEC 07 1987



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